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## Selections.

### *SECRETARY SEWARD AT AUBURN.*

HE MAKES A SPEECH ON ELECTION EVE—ENTHUSIASM OF THE PEOPLE.

From The Auburn Advertiser and Union, Nov. 3.

CORNING HALL was packed last evening to its utmost capacity on the occasion of the last Union rally of the campaign. The evening was stormy, but that had no influence to keep back the crowd. Hundreds who could not gain admission to the hall were turned away.

Hon. George Rathbun opened the meeting with an able, eloquent and comprehensive address, occupying nearly an hour in its delivery.

When Mr. Rathbun concluded the house fairly rung with calls for Gov. Seward, who, being present, came forward and was greeted with such a reception as was never before given to any speaker in Auburn. It seemed as though the people would go wild with enthusiasm. Order was finally restored, when Gov. Seward proceeded to address the meeting as follows:

GOV. SEWARD'S SPEECH.

MY FRIENDS: I am sad and anxious to-night for a cause that you well understand; too sad and anxious, indeed, to be able to express as I could wish the gratitude I feel for the welcome you have given me, certainly too much oppressed with private solicitude to speak acceptably upon public questions.

I am here by accident and not by design. I have persistently declined, as you know, to enter political canvasses as a debater. I have had two reasons for this: *First*, I wanted the internal as well as the foreign enemies of the United States to see that this Administration could stand of its own strength without resorting to popular arts of self-defence. *Secondly*, I thought that an Administration that could not stand without speaking for itself, must fall even if all its members should engage in its vindication. Nevertheless, being here unexpectedly, I feel that it would seem churlish to refuse to show that the friends of the country have the sympathies and the gratitude of the Administration of the country.

What, then, shall I say and do? I will forget myself as well as I can while I utter some sentiments of cheerfulness and hope concerning the condition of our country and its cause. I do not forget that cheerfulness and hopefulness, habitual cheerfulness and hopefulness, give offence in certain quarters. We have a class of patriots who deride them, who insist upon having the political skies obscured and the political moon throughout all her changes presented under eclipse. I do believe in cheerfulness and hopefulness. As in religion so in politics—it is faith and not despondency that overcomes mountains and scales the heavens. The General who, haranguing his army on the eve of battle, should express fears of defeat, would be sure to be defeated. The statesman who apprehends that disunion is inevitable, would be sure to produce dissolution. The Christian who believes that he has committed the unpardonable sin will never work out his salvation. He who impatiently rejects the councils of hope in political action because he does not see all his expectations immediately realized is as bad a citizen as he is a bad Christian who wavers in his faith because a hundred generations have passed away, and "all these things" are not yet "fulfilled."

You will succeed, my friends, to-morrow. I know you will succeed by signs other than those which excite your own hopes of success. The country is in danger—it is to be rescued by the government. You will succeed, because you vote for the government in voting to sustain the Administration. Your opponents commit the fatal error of supposing that they can divide the Administration from the government, and support the one and discard the other. No man can serve two masters. Consider this point for a moment. It is only through the Administration that the country can put forth the effort necessary for its rescue. If you discard this Administration of the government by your votes, you bring no new or better one to its place. You then have practically an interregnum from this time to the 4th of March, 1865. An interregnum of sixteen months in the very crisis of rebellion. You would repeat even in a more dangerous way the great, though then unavoidable, misfortune of the interregnum which was produced by the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860, leaving James Buchanan in the Presidency until the 4th of March, 1861. During all that period the ship of State necessarily and unavoidably drifted and dashed itself against the rocks of a lee shore. The American people are not going to commit so great an error now.

Our opponents do not see this. They do not see it because they have surrendered themselves up to faction. But I will show them how they can see it. There are 200,000 American citizens in arms in the Southern States against their country. They look to the election of to-morrow with more solicitude than they do to the defence of Charleston or the siege of Chattanooga. If you could pass the ballot-box through their camps, every man of them would vote for the Administration of this government by Horatio Seymour or Vallandigham and against the Administration of Abraham Lincoln. You have enemies in certain classes of society all over Europe. They are fitting out a navy and privateers for the American insurgents. If the ballot-boxes could be opened at Laird's ship-yard in Liverpool, or in John Slidell's house in Paris, there would be a unanimous vote for Seymour and Vallandigham, and new iron-clads would escape from under the broad arrow, in armor impregnable, in array innumerable, and you would have superadded to this terrible struggle upon land, a more tremendous contest than the world has ever seen upon the high seas. The instinct of enemies is infallible.

You have friends in arms at home defending the government and the country. Every man who meets the enemy in battle, knows what he is fighting for. He is fighting for the country. Pass the ballot-box through the Union camps or give the soldier a pass to reach the ballot-box at his home, and he votes as he fights, for his country and for the Administration, which he sees is identified with his country. You have friends in Europe. The great mass of society on the Continent, from the White Sea to the Mediterranean, from the Atlantic to the Black Sea, are the friends of the United States. The great mass of society in America, from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn, are the friends of the United States. Send the ballot-box through all those regions, and the votes would be counted ten thousand to one for Abraham Lincoln and against Seymour and Vallandigham. The instinct of dispassioned, disinterested friends is infallible.

But I must not forget that our opponents object to allowing soldiers to go home to vote.

The objection is disloyal as well as ungrateful, and is therefore a crime. If the soldier ought not to be allowed a furlough to reach the ballot-box, why did Gov. Seymour refuse to allow the ballot-box to go into the camp? He answers, that it is unconstitutional. Why then object to the soldiers going home to vote? That is not unconstitutional. They do not mean to quarrel with the manner of the soldiers' voting; they seek to deprive him of his vote altogether. They allow the soldier to fight for his country, because they cannot help it, but they seek to deprive him of the privilege of voting for it, because by clamor they think they can prevent it. Who are these soldiers that have come home to vote? Every man of them is a citizen and an elector. There is not an unwilling or involuntary soldier or conscript among them. They are your sons and brothers and mine, as intelligent, as well trained as we or their opponents, better entitled to vote than you or I, for they have gone forward to the battle, while we have been content with staying at home and making contributions, meritorious in themselves, but nevertheless contributions in money instead of blood. *Not* allow the soldier to vote for the government? You saw what came of it by refusing to allow him his vote last year. You voted the government down in his absence, and then were obliged to call the soldier from the front, in face of the enemy, back to the State, to restore peace, order and safety at home. *Not* allow the soldier to vote? Has the soldier only the rights to languish in the hospital, to die on the battle-field, and to be carried into captivity? Is this the sum of the soldier's rights? I tell you no. I tell you that the soldiers of this war will vote, some thousands of them to-morrow—many more thousands every year hereafter—and they will sit in judgment upon parties in this country throughout two generations, and determine the verdict of posterity in regard to them.

I have another ground for knowing that you will succeed to-morrow. You have the right side upon a plain, practical, simple issue. Our opponents do not see this; they have suffered faction to blind them. They say that they are voting down this Administration, because it is incompetent and ought never to have been elected. They say, again, that they are voting to decide the Presidential question of 1864. They are doing no such thing. Abraham Lincoln was elected in 1860 to be President of the United States for four years, viz.: from the 4th of March, 1861, to the 4th of March, 1865, fairly, justly, honorably, constitutionally elected. The question is not whether he ought to have been elected, in 1860; that was settled in the election of 1860; and is irreversible. The question is not whether he or any person connected with his Administration shall be elected in 1864. That will be settled in the election of 1864. Abraham Lincoln was elected in 1860 to be President, not of a part, but of the whole of the United States; but he has been forcibly kept out of a part of the United States—Louisiana, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and other Gulf States. In those States he is President *de jure*, but not *de facto*. The object of this election is the object of the war. It is to make Abraham Lincoln President *de facto* from 1860 to 1864 in Georgia, South Carolina and other Gulf States, as he is President *de facto* in Massachusetts, New-York and Ohio.

I know the war waged for that object will succeed, and I know elections held for the same object will succeed. They will succeed because the object is just, and justice in politics is necessary. It is injustice and downright robbery of Abraham Lincoln, and the majority of citizens who elected him, to refuse him the full enjoyment of the authority conferred upon him in that election. There can be no peace and quiet until Abraham Lincoln is President, under that election, of the whole United States.

Now, justice is an instinct of the whole human family. If a man has a house, a horse, or a boat, and it is taken from him, all society combines to restore it to his possession, and it awards severe punishment to those who attempt to rob him of his rights. You saw this lesson written in the earliest school book that was put into your hands:

"Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows will be your end."

The American people will repeat this simple moral instruction to-morrow by saying to every insurgent and every Confederate in the free States, as well as in the slave States.

"Steal not the Presidency, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows will be your end."

The result to be attained is as important to our opponents as it is to us. What if, through battle and suffrage, the President who was elected in 1860 should, by his opponents, be kept out of the Presidency of the United States until another election? What if they should then succeed in electing a President in 1864 against the majority who elected Abraham Lincoln in 1860? Can that majority be expected to acquiesce, without voting and without bloodshed, in the election of Jefferson Davis, or John C. Breckinridge, or Horatio Seymour? Certainly not; and then you have perpetual civil war, which is nothing else than perpetual anarchy.

Let us not be deceived. Abraham Lincoln must be President of South Carolina and Georgia by virtue of his election of 1860, or not only the peace of the Union, but the Union itself is forever lost. Peace comes through that success, and in no other way. There is always peace where justice reigns, always disorder where injustice prevails. A great poet expressed this truth in homely language, which you doubtlessly remember:

"Jack shall have Gill,
Naught shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall go well."

I know you will prevail to-morrow for another reason. Like the last one, it is founded upon a moral instinct—that moral instinct which guides the people of every country to maintain and defend that country simply because it is their own. It is an instinct as natural and as strong as the instincts which are the basis of the family relation. Every unperverted man adheres to his own wife in preference to another man's wife, and fights in her defence in preference to the defence of a strange woman. Every unperverted man cares for and guards and trains his own child instead of wasting his care on his neighbor's children. So every unperverted citizen defends his country against its enemies, domestic and foreign, instead of defending a foreign country or seeking to destroy his own. The robin does as much. He guards his own nest, because it is his. The lion defends his lair, and each of these is endowed with a force adequate to that defence. Our disloyal citizens act on the assumption that the enlightened and virtuous American people are less sagacious than the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.

You see from these remarks why it is that throughout this war I have refused to be diverted from the main question to engage in collateral, and therefore idle and mischievous debates. It is such debates that trouble weak minds and faithless hearts. They are afraid of the loss of individual liberty and of State Rights, and they therefore saw continually on the string of arbitrary arrests and suspension of the *habeas corpus*. They do not see that the country is in a condition of civil war—exposed to foreign invasion; that arrests are a weapon of war which must be wielded by the military power of the State, and not by its courts and constables. The dangers they fear are future—they overlook the present danger which, if it prevails, will leave the country no future. They mourn the public peace lost so piteously, that they have no heart to restore it in the only way it can be restored, by contest with the enemies in arms who have destroyed it. They sigh for peace in the future, and thus invite the insurgent to invade our own homes and firesides. They are troubled to know the terms upon which you will give peace to the insurgents. The answer is a simple one: There can be *no* peace to insurgents in arms, until they have submitted and accepted Abraham Lincoln as the President of the United States; then, and not before, will be the time to speak of terms of peace.

The abettors of the rebellion are troubled for fear we shall not leave to the rebels, when they have submitted, enough of slavery and slaves. They want to know what we propose about that. My answer is, that if they had submitted to Abraham Lincoln, at the beginning, they would have retained the whole. They have lost by resistance, on an average, 10,000 slaves a month. Each month of prolonged resistance increases the loss, and they are verging upon the time when submission, coming too late, will leave neither slavery nor slaves in the land. This question of slavery is their business, not mine. So long as they propose no surrender, they are entitled to ask no terms. What has happened to slavery thus far, has been the legitimate fruit of their own crimes; but it was fruit ordained not by man, but of God. Without seeking to divine His ways, I think that the future will be like unto the past. The insurrection will perish under military power, necessarily and therefore lawfully exercised, and slavery will perish with it. Nevertheless, I am willing that the prodigal son shall return. The doors, so far as I am concerned, shall always be open to him. The longer he is content to feed upon husks, the sooner he will hunger. The longer he is content in his dalliance with the harlot of rebellion, the greater will be his ultimate disgust with her embrace. The greater his hunger and his disgust, the deeper will be his repentance and the more lasting his reformation. I shall send no invitations after him; and yet, speaking not for myself, but for you and the whole American people, I express the conviction that neither man nor angels can prevent the fatted calf being slain for his welcome, when he does come back saying penitently, "Brothers, I have offended, and I desire reconciliation."

The sympathizers with the Confederates tell us of debt, taxes and blood. Was ever sovereignty and freedom saved without the expenditure of money and of life? It is the lot appointed to nations to endure war with its evils, as well as to enjoy at intervals peace and prosperity. Who caused the debts, the taxes and the shedding of blood? The cannonade of Sumter answers the whole question at once.

In a conflict like this the question is not one of abstract suffering, but which of the contending parties suffers most. Viewed in this light the whole of the suffering which the war has produced has fallen upon the insurgents, and the loyal part of the United States is exempt. In the insurgent States there is not one citizen who is not the poorer and the more unhappy for the war. In the loyal regions there is not a State which is not stronger, nor a citizen who is not the richer for the same cause. The increase of wealth which arises from the new national discipline of Industry which the war has obliged us to adopt has enabled us to pay all increased debts and taxes as easily as we paid the debts and taxes existing when the war begun. Nor must we forget that it is only a question of whose debts and whose taxes we shall pay—not whether we shall pay any. We pay either the debts and taxes of Abraham Lincoln and his Administration or the debts and taxes of Jefferson Davis and Robert P. Toombs. In the one case we have an equivalent of dollar for dollar for what we pay, and the greater equivalent of national safety and honor. In the other case we pay twelve dollars in gold for one dollar of Confederate money, with the additional loss of eternal disgrace and ruin.

Fellow-citizens, 47 is so near to 50 that we may use round numbers. Fifty years ago, then, I first saw and ascended the Hudson River. For 46 years it was a constant study, through the agency of that river, and artificial extensions of it to the lakes and the Mississippi, to fortify the Union and develop the greatness and prosperity of the American people. Every succeeding year revealed new, enlarged, and gratifying success of that policy, until the year 1860. Then, on my way to the National capital I descended the Erie Canal and the Hudson River. I surveyed the cities that had grown up on their banks with wonder, and the vast commerce that floated on their waters with admiration. But then there was the alarm, mutterings loud and deep, threatening civil war and revolution. I was obliged to try to apprehend, to grasp this danger, if I could, and grasp it with all its magnitude and terrors. What is Revolution? It is the subversion of all this trade, all this prosperity, and all this happiness, and the substitution in its place of scenes of blood and universal desolation. I said to myself—is this inevitable? It is in one case, was the answer. The Democratic party throughout the United States which has virtually held the reins of government for half a century, has been overthrown by a constitutional majority, in the election. In the name and in behalf of that party, its disappointed chiefs have refused submission and resorted to civil war. If the Democratic party of the United States lend themselves directly or indirectly to that insurrection, civil war is inevitable, and a ferocious, bloody, all-pervading revolution is indefinitely fastened upon the nation. That revolution will then end in successful invasion and pacification under a foreign conqueror. What shall be done in this emergency? The answer was obvious. Prevent it by appeals to the patriotism of all parties, and a surrender of all their conflicting interests, prejudices and passions to the common safety. This will enable us to prevent a revolution if possible, to meet and conquer it if we must. Will these means prevent it? I know not. This is of the knowledge which God retains to himself. He indicates the means, and withholds for the trial of our virtue the results. But we shall not long be left without indications of the result. Three months, six months, twelve months, twenty-four months, thirty months will disclose either the fact that the Democratic masses of the United States are disloyal, and that the revolution will therefore prevail, or the fact that they rise to the true spirit, to the lofty heights of patriotism, and the country will be saved. That time has come at last. Not so soon as in our impatience we wished, but as soon, we may believe, as was best for our welfare. The Democratic masses, discarding leaders, have attained the height of patriotism. They are in the field; they are in the Cabinet; they are in the canvass, counselling, voting, fighting, generously, loyally, nobly, to make the election of Abraham Lincoln President of the United States from 1861 to 1865, a fixed, irresistible fact. It will be done. The country *is* saved, and there remains nothing left to complete the great and painful drama but that which cannot be long delayed, the submission of the insurgents, and thus the restoration to peace. And what a peace may we not expect that to be! A peace that establishes forever the practicability of free Republican, representative Federal government; the immediate or ultimate restoration of four million of bondsmen to freedom; the security of the American continent against equally the evils of internal anarchy and foreign aggression. The angels in heaven might tune their harps to the symphony of such a peace.

## MR. BEECHER IN ENGLAND.

### HIS SPEECH IN EXETER HALL, LONDON.

[The circumstances attending the delivery of Mr. Beecher's speech in Exeter Hall have been well described by the letter of "A Traveller" to *The Independent*, which we published last week; and another letter from Mr. Chesson, Hon. Secretary of the London Emancipation Society, descriptive of the same scenes, appears in our columns this week. We regret our inability to print the speech in full, but we must give our readers the benefit of some extracts, as follows:]

From The Morning Star, Oct. 21.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The very kind introduction that I have received requires but a single word from me. I should be guilty if I could take all the credit which has been generously ascribed to me, but I am not old enough to have been a pioneer. And when I think of such names as Weld, Alvan Stewart, Gerrit Smith, Joshua Leavitt, William Goodell, Arthur and Lewis Tappan, William Lloyd Garrison (loud applause)—and that most accomplished speaker of the world, Wendell Phillips (renewed applause)—when I think of multitudes of that peculiar class of Christians called Friends—when I think of the number of men, obscure, without name or fame, who labored in the earliest days at the foundation of this reformation—and when I remember that I came in afterwards rather to build on their foundation—I cannot permit in this fair country the honors to be put upon me and wrested from those other men that deserve them far more than I do (cheers). All I can say is this, that when I began my public life I fell into the ranks under the appropriate captains, and fought as well as I knew how in the ranks or in command (loud cheers).

As this is my last popular address upon the American question in England, I may be permitted to glance at my brief history here (hear, hear). At Manchester I attempted to give a history of the external political movement for fifty years past, so far as it was necessary to illustrate the fact that the present American war was only an overt and warlike form of a contest between liberty and slavery that had been going on politically for half a century (hear, hear). At Glasgow I undertook to show the condition of work or labor necessitated by any profitable system of slavery, demonstrating that it brought labor into contempt, affixing to it the badge of degradation, and that a struggle to extend servile labor across the American continent interests every free working man on the globe (cheers). For my sincere belief is that the Southern cause is the natural enemy of free labor and the free laborer all the world over (loud cheers). In Edinburgh I endeavored to sketch how out of separate colonies and States intensely jealous of their individual sovereignty there grew up and was finally established a nation, and how in that nation of United States two distinct and antagonistic systems were developed and strove for the government and control of the national policy, which struggle at length passed and the North gained the control, and the South abandoned the Union simply and solely because the government was in future to be administrated by men who would give their whole influence to freedom (loud cheers). In Liverpool I labored (laughter and cheers)—to show that slavery in the long run was as hostile to commerce and to manufactures all the world over as it was to free interests in human society (cheers)—that a slave nation must be a poor customer, buying the fewest and poorest goods, and the least profits paying (hear, hear)—that it was the interest of every manufacturing country to promote freedom, intelligence, and wealth amongst all nations (cheers)—that this attempt to cover the fairest portion of the earth with a slave population that buys nothing, and a degraded white population that buys next to nothing, should array against it the sympathy of every true political economist and every thoughtful and far-seeing manufacturer as tending to strike at the vital want of commerce—not the want of cotton but the want of customers (cheers). I have endeavored to enlist against this flagitious wickedness, and the great civil war which it has kindled, the judgment, conscience, and interests of the British people (cheers). I am aware that a popular address before an excited audience more or less affected by party sympathies is not the most favorable method of doing justice to these momentous topics; and there have been some other circumstances which made it yet more difficult to present a careful or evenly balanced statement; but I shall try to do the best I can, so that there may be no vestige of doubt left that slavery was the cause—the only cause, and the whole cause—of this gigantic and cruel war (cheers). I have tried to show that sympathy for the South, however covered by excuses or softened by sophistry, is simply the most audacious attempt ever made to build up a slave empire pure and simple (hear, hear). I have tried to show that in this contest the North were contending for the preservation of their government and their own territory, and those popular institutions on which the well-being of the nation depended (hear, hear). Now, I ask you to-night to look at this struggle from an American point of view, and in its moral aspects (hear, hear). That is, I wish you to take our standpoint for a little while (cheers)—and to look at our actions and motives, not from what the enemy says, but from what we say (cheers). When two men have disagreed it is quite in vain to promote peace between them by attempting to prove that either of them is all right or either of them is all wrong (hear, hear). Now there has been some disagreement of feeling between America and Great Britain. I don't want to argue the question to-night, which is right and which is wrong, but if some kind neighbor will persuade these two people that are at disagreement to consider each other's position and circumstances, it may not lead either to adopting the other's judgment, but it may lead them to say of each other, "I think he is honest and means well, even if he be mistaken" (loud cheers). You may not thus get a settlement of the difficulty, but you will get a settlement of the quarrel, and to-night I am not here to ask you to bolt bones, flesh, and all without discrimination (hear, hear). I may say I merely ask you to put yourselves into our tracks for one hour, and look at the subjects as we look at them (cheers)—then after that form your judgment as you may please (cheers).

[Mr. Beecher proceeded to explain and illustrate the relations of slavery to the National government—the want of power in that government to abolish it within State limits—the struggle at the North to prevent the extension of the system, and the struggle on the part of the South to control the government in the interest of slavery, etc. His exposition was so clear and convincing that the humblest auditor could not fail to compreh end the true state of the case.]

Now, that is the reason why the North did not at first go to war to produce emancipation. She went to war to save the national institutions (cheers). She went to save the territories; she went to save those laws which would first circumscribe, then suffocate and finally destroy slavery (cheers). That is the reason why that most true, honest, just, and conscientious magistrate, Mr. Lincoln——[The announcement of Mr. Lincoln's name was received with loud and continued cheering. The whole audience rose and cheered for some time, and it was a few minutes before Mr. Beecher could proceed.] From having spoken much at tumultuous assemblies I had at times a fear that when I came here this evening my voice would fail from too much speaking. But that fear is now changed to one that your voices will fail from too much cheering (laughter). Don't get bronchitis (laughter). How then did the North pass from a conflict with the South and a slave policy to a direct attack upon the institution of slavery itself? Because, according to the foreshadowing of that wisest man of the South, Mr. Stephens, they beleaguered the National government and the national life with the institution of slavery—obliged a sworn President, who was put under oath to defend that institution—they obliged him to take his choice between the safety and life of the government itself, or the slavery with which it was beleaguered (cheers). If any man lays an obstruction on the street and blocks up the street, it is not the fault of the people if they walk over it. As the fundamental right of individual self-defence cannot be withdrawn without immorality—so the first element of national life is to defend life. As no man attacked on the highway violates a law, but obeys the law of self-defence—a law inside of outside laws—by knocking down his assailant, so when a nation is assaulted and beleaguered by any local or foreign State it is the right and duty of that State, in the exercise of self-defence, to destroy that enemy, which, if not destroyed, will destroy it (hear). As long as the South allowed it to be a moral and political conflict of policy, we were content to meet the issue as one of policy. But when they threw down the gauntlet of war, and said that by it slavery was to be adjudicated, we could do no other than take up the challenge (loud cheers). The police have no right to enter your house as long as you keep within the law, but when you defy it, and endanger the peace and safety of the neighborhood, they have a right to enter. So in constitutional government; it has no power to touch slavery while slavery remains a State institution. But when it lifts itself up out of its State humility and becomes banded to attack the nation, it becomes a national enemy, and has no longer exemption (cheers). But it is said, "The President issued his proclamation after all for political effect, not for humanity" (cries of hear, hear). Why, the right of issuing a proclamation of Emancipation was political, but the disposition to do it was personal (loud cheers). Mr. Lincoln is an officer of the State, and in the Presidential chair has no more right to follow his private feelings than your judge has a right to follow his private feelings on the bench (applause). He is bound to ask, "What is the law?"—not "What is my sympathy?" (Hear, hear.) And when a judge sees that a rigid execution or interpretation of the law goes with primitive justice, with humanity, and with pity, he is all the more glad because his private feelings go with his public office (cheers). Why, in the next house to a surgeon, a kind and benevolent one, is a boy who fills the night with groans, because he has a cancerous and diseased leg, and the father is tinkering with it. And the surgeon would fain go in and amputate that limb and save that life; but he is not called in, and he has no business to go in, if he wants to ever so much, if he is not called in (hear, hear). But at last the father says to him, "In the name of God, come in and save my child"; and he goes in professionally and cuts off his leg and saves his life, to the infinite disgust of a neighbor over the way, that says, "Oh, he would not go in as a neighbor and cut his leg off" (loud applause). I should like to know how any man has a right to cut your leg or mine off except professionally (laughter and cheers)—and so a man must often wait for official leave to perform the noblest offices of justice and humanity. Here then is the great point of stumbling. At first the President could not touch slavery, because in time of peace it was a legal institution, and the government could not touch it. How then can he do it now? Because in time of war it is shot out of its sphere, and is no longer a local institution, but a national and public enemy (applause). Now I promised to make that clear; have I done it? (Hear, hear, and applause.)

It is said, "Why not let the South go?" (Hear, hear, and cheers.) "Since they won't be at peace with you, why do you not let them separate from you?" Because they would be less peaceable separated than they are together (hear, hear). Oh, if the South only would go! (Laughter.) They are determined to stay—that is the trouble (hear, hear). We would furnish free passage to every mother's son of them if they would go (laughter). But we say, "That territory is ours" (cheers). Let them go, and leave the nation its territory, and they will have our unanimous consent (renewed cheers). But I do not wish to discuss this in this *ad captandum* way. I wish—because this seems to me the very marrow of the matter—I wish to ask you to stand in our place for a little time, and see this question as we see it, then afterwards make up your judgment as you think best (hear, hear). And first, this war began by the act of the South—firing at that old flag that had covered both sections with glory and protection (applause). [Some gentleman on the platform here offered Mr. Beecher a glass of water.] No, thank you, said Mr. Beecher; I want neither water nor lozenges (laughter). Time, patience, and my own good lungs will make me heard. I expect to be hoarse—I am willing to be hoarse. I think that if I might but bring the mother and the daughter heart to heart and hand to hand (loud applause), I would be willing to be silent for a twelvemonth in so good a work as that (cheers). The war began under circumstances that obliged the North to join issue in order to prevent actual humiliation and subjugation. They had the key of the country in the Southern hands. They had robbed our arsenals. They had bankrupted our treasury. They had possession of the most important offices in the army and navy. They had the vantage of having long anticipated and prepared for the conflict (hear, hear). We knew not whom to trust. One man failed, and another man failed. Men pensioned by the government had lived on the salary of the government only to have better opportunity to stab and betray it. There was not only one Judas in the Southern band—there were a thousand in our country (hear, hear, and hisses). And for the North to have lain down like a spaniel—to have given up the territory that every child in America is taught, as every child in Britain is taught, to regard as his sacred right and his trust—to have given that territory up without a thought, without a blow, would have marked the North to all eternity as craven and mean beyond expression (loud cheers and some hisses). Secondly, the honor and the safety of the grand experiment of self-government by free institutions demand that so flagitious a violation of freedom should not be suffered with impunity and reward, making thereafter every party conflict one in which the minority when disaffected should turn and say to the majority, "If you don't give us our way we will make war." Oh, Englishmen, would you let a minority decide in such a way to you? (Loud cries of No, no, never! and cheers.) Three thousand miles off don't make any difference, then? (No, no.) Because the principle thus introduced would literally have no end—would go on and restore the nation back to its original elements of isolated States. Nor is there any reason why it would stop with States. There is the same force in the doctrine of secession in the application to Counties as in the application to States (cheers). If it be right for one million in one State to secede when it pleases from the National government, why is it not right for one-half or one-quarter that number to do so? [Hear, hear.] If it be right in a State, that is only a name for territory, it is right in a County, that is only another name for territory; and if it be right for a State or a County to secede, it is equally right for a town and a city [cheers]. This doctrine of secession is a huge revolving millstone, that grinds the national life to powder [cheers]. It is anarchy in velvet, and national destruction clothed in soft phrases and periphrastic expressions [cheers]. But we have fought with that devil, "slavery," and understand him better than you do [loud cheers]. No people with patriotism and honor will give up territory without a struggle for it [cheers]. Would you give it up? (Loud cries of No.) . . . I would like to ask those English gentlemen who—very sincerely, I doubt not—hold that it is right for a State to go off when it pleases, how they would like it if the County of Kent would try the experiment [hear, hear]. I should like to hear what the men who cry out for secession of the Southern States in America would say when they heard that Kent was seceding on the southern coast of England [hear, hear]. They would say, "Ah, circumstances alter cases" [cheers and laughter]. How much more, then, is it necessary that we should maintain our national territory and institutions and laws when political considerations, as well as those of political economy are favorable to it? [Hear.] The Mississippi, which is our southern door and hall to come in and to go out, runs right through the seceded territory. The South magnanimously offered to let us use it; but I should like to know what you would say if, on going home, you found a squad of gypsies sitting down in your hall, who refused to be ejected, saying, "But look here, we will let you come in and go out when you have a mind" [cheers and laughter]. But there was another question involved—the question of national honor. If you take up and look at the map that delineates the mountainous features of that continent, you will find the peculiar structure of the Alleghany ridge, beginning in New Hampshire, running across the New England States, through Pennsylvania and West Virginia, stopping in the northern part of Georgia [hear, hear]. Now, all the world over, men that live in mountainous regions have been men for liberty [cheers]—and from the first hour to this hour the majority of the population of Western Virginia, which is in this mountainous region, the majority of the population of Western Tennessee, of Western Carolina, and of North Georgia, have been true to the Union, and did not want to go out. They said to the National government, "We claim that, in fulfilment of the compact of the Constitution, you defend our rights, and retain us in the Union" [cheers]. We would not suffer a line of fire to be established one thousand five hundred miles along our Southern border, out of which, in a coming hour, there might shoot out wars and [illegible] as the South that never kept faith in the Union, and would never keep faith out of it. They have disturbed the land as old Ahab of accursed memory did [cheers and hisses]—and when Elijah found this Ahab in the way, Ahab said, "It is Elijah that hath disturbed Israel" [a laugh]. Now we know the nature of this people. We know that if we entered into a truce with them they would renew their purpose and take possession in the name of the devil and slavery [cheers]. One more reason why we will not let this people go is because we do not want to become a military people. A great many say America is becoming too strong; she is dangerous to the peace of the world. But if you permit or favor this division, the South becomes a military nation, and the North is compelled to become a military nation. Along a line of 1,500 miles she must have forts and men to garrison them. These 250,000 soldiers will constitute the national standing army of the North. Now, any nation that has a standing army is in great danger [no, no]. Before this war the legal size of the national army was 25,000. That was all; the actual number was 18,000, and that's all the soldiers that we wanted. *The Tribune* and other papers repeatedly said that these men were a moth and useless in our nation. But if the country were divided, then we should have two great military nations taking its place, and instead of a paltry 18,000 soldiers, there would be 250,000 on one side and 100,000 or 200,000 on the other. And if America, by this ill-advised disruption, is forced to have soldiers, like a boy with a knife, she will always want to whittle with them [laughter and cheers]. It is the interest, then, of the world that that nation should be united, and that it should be under the control of that part of America that has always been for peace [cheers, and cries of No, no]—that it should be wrested from the control and policy of that part of the nation that has always been for more territory, for filibustering, for snubbing foreign nations [cheers]. But that is not all. The religious-minded among our people feel that in the territory committed to us there is a high and solemn trust—a national trust. We are taught that in some sense the world itself is a field, and every Christian nation acknowledges a certain responsibility for the moral condition of the globe. But how much nearer does it come when it is one's country! And the Church of America is coming to feel more and more that God gave us this country, not merely for material aggrandisement, but for a glorious triumph for the Church of Christ [cheers]. Therefore we undertook to rid the territory of slavery. Since slavery has divested itself of its municipal protection, and has become a declared public enemy, it is our duty to prevent slavery from blighting this far Western territory. When I stand and look out upon that immense territory as an individual man, as a citizen, as a Christian minister, I feel myself asked, "Will you permit that territory to be darkened by this cloudy storm—will you permit the cries of bondmen to issue from that fair territory, and do nothing for their liberty?" What are we doing? Sending our ships round the globe, carrying missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, to the islands of the Pacific, to Asia, to all Africa. And yet when this work of redeeming our continent from the heathendom of slavery lies before us there are men who counsel us to give it up to the devil, and not try to do a thing——Ah! independent of pounds and pence, independent of national honor, independent of all merely material considerations, there is pressing on every conscientious Northerner's mind this highest of all considerations—our duty to God to save that continent from the blast and blight of slavery [cheers]. Yet how many are there who up, down, and over all England are saying, "Let slavery go—let slavery go?" It is recorded, I think, in the biography of that most noble of your own countrymen, Sir H. Fowell Buxton [cheers]—that on one occasion a huge favorite dog was seized with hydrophobia and was dashing hither and thither. With wonderful courage he seized the creature by the neck and collar, and against the animal's mightiest efforts, dashing hither and thither against wall and fence and up the street, held him until help could be got. If there had been Englishmen there of the stripe of *The Times*, they would have said to Fowell Buxton, "Let him go"; but is there one here who does not feel the moral nobleness of that man, who rather than let the mad animal go down the street biting children and women and men, risked his life and prevented the dog from doing evil? Shall we allow that hell hound of slavery, mad, mad as it is, to go biting millions in the future? [Cheers.] We will peril life and limb and all we have first. These truths are not exaggerated—they are minified rather than magnified in my statement; and you cannot tell how powerfully they are influencing us unless you were standing in our midst in America; you cannot understand how firm that national feeling is which God has bred in the North on this subject. It is deeper than the sea; it is firmer than the hills; it is serene as the sky over our head, where God dwells [cheers].

But it is said, "What a ruthless business this war of extermination is?" I have heard it stated that a fellow from America, purporting to be a minister of the gospel of peace, had come over to England, and that that fellow had said he was in favor of a war of extermination. Well, if he said so, he will stick to it [cheers]. But listen not to the way in which enemies put these words. Listen to the way in which I put them, for if I am to bear the responsibility it is only fair that I should state them in my own way. We believe that war is a test of our institutions; we believe that it is a life-and-death struggle between the two principles of liberty and slavery [cheers]—we believe that it is the cause of the common people all the world over [renewed cheers]. We believe that every struggling nationality on the globe will be stronger if we conquer this odious oligarchy of slavery, and that every oppressed people in the world will be weaker if we fail [cheers]. The sober American regards the war as part of that awful yet glorious struggle which has been going on for hundreds of years in every nation between right and wrong, between virtue and vice, between liberty and despotism, between freedom and bondage. It carries with it the whole future condition of our vast continent—its laws, its policy, its fate. And standing in view of these tremendous realities we have consecrated all that we have—our children, our wealth, our national strength—and we lay them all on the altar and say, "It is better that they should all perish than that the North should falter and betray this trust of God, this hope of the oppressed, this Western civilization" [cheers]. If we say this of ourselves, shall we say less of the slaveholders? If we are willing to do these things, shall we say, "Stop the war for their sakes?" If we say this of ourselves, shall we have more pity for the rebellion, for slavery seeking to blacken a continent with its awful evil, desecrating the social phase of national independence by seeking only an independence that shall enable them to oppress four million of humanity? [Cheers.] Shall we do for them what we won't do for ourselves? Standing by my cradle, standing by my hearth, standing by the altar of the Church, standing by all the places that mark the name and memory of heroic men who poured their blood and lives for principle, I declare that in ten or twenty years of war we will sacrifice everything we have for principle [cheers]. If the love of popular liberty is dead in Great Britain you will not understand us; but if the love of liberty lives as it once lived, and has worthy successors of those renowned men that were our ancestors as much as yours, and whose example and principles we inherit to make fruitful as so much seed corn in a new and fertile land—then you will understand our firm, invincible determination—deep as the sea, firm as mountains, but calm as the heavens above us—to fight this war through at all hazards and at every cost [immense cheering, accompanied with a few hisses]. I am obliged for this little diversion; it rests me. Against this statement of facts and principles no public man and no party could stand up for one moment in England if it were permitted to stand upon its own merits. It is, therefore, sought to darken the light of these truths and to falsify facts. I will not mention names, but I will say this, that there have been important organs in Great Britain that have deliberately and knowingly spoken what is not the truth [applause, and loud cries of "*The Times!*" "Three groans for *The Times!*"] It is declared that the North has no sincerity. It is declared that the North treats the blacks worse than the South does [hear, hear]. A monstrous lie from beginning to end. It is declared that emancipation is a mere political trick—not a moral sentiment. It is declared that this is a cruel unphilanthropic squabble of men gone mad with national vanity [cheers and hisses]. Oh, what a pity that a man should "fall nine times the space that measures day and night" to make an apostacy which dishonors his closing days, and to wipe out the testimony for liberty that he gave in his youth! But even if all this monstrous lie about the North—this needless slander [illegible] still it would not alter the fact that Northern success will carry liberty—Southern success, slavery [cheers]. For when society dashes against society, the results are not what the individual motives of the members of society would make them—the results are what the institutions of society make them. When your army stood at Waterloo, they did not know what were the tremendous moral consequences that depended on that battle. It was not what the individual soldiers meant nor thought, but what the British empire—the national life behind, and the genius of that renowned kingdom which sent that army to victory—meant and thought [h

chiefs were waved enthusiastically amidst loud cheering].

A Voice—What about the Russians? [Hear, hear.]

Mr. Beecher—A gentleman asks me to say a word about the Russians in New York harbor. As this is a little private confidential meeting [laughter]—I will tell you the fact about them [laughter]. The fact is this—it is a little piece of coquetry [laughter]. Don't you know that when a woman thinks her suitor is not quite attentive enough she takes another beau, and flirts with him in the face of the old one? [Laughter.] New York is flirting with Russia but she has got her eye on England [cheers]. Well, I hear men say this is a piece of national folly that is not becoming on the part of people so reputedly wise, and in such solemn and important circumstances. It is said that when Russia is now engaged in suppressing the liberty of Poland it is an indecent thing for America to make believe to flirt with her. I think so too [loud cheers]. Now you know what we felt when you were flirting with Mr. Mason at your Lord Mayor's banquet [cheers]. Ladies and gentlemen, it did not do us any hurt to have you Englishmen tell us our faults. I hope it don't do you Britishers any hurt to have us tell you some of yours [a laugh]. Let me tell you my honest sentiments. England, because she is a Christian nation, because she has the guardianship of the dearest principles of civil and religious liberty, ought to be friendly with every nation and with every tongue. But when England looks out for an ally she ought to find her own blood, her own language, her own children [cheers]. And I stand here to declare that America is the proper and natural ally of Great Britain [cheers]. I declare that all sorts of alliances with Continental nations as against America monstrous, and that all flirtations of America with pandered and whiskered foreigners are monstrous, and that in the great conflicts of the future, when civilization is to be extended, when commerce is to be free round the globe, and to carry with it religion and civilization, then two flags should be flying from every man-of-war and every ship, and they should be the flag with the cross of St. George and the flag with the stars of promise and of hope [cheers]. Now, ladies and gentlemen, when anybody tells you that Mr. Beecher is in favor of war you may ask, "In what way is he in favor of war?" And if any man says he seeks to sow discord between father and son and mother and daughter, you will be able to say, "Show us how he is sowing discord." If I had anything grievous to say of England I would sooner say it before her face than behind her back. I would denounce Englishmen if they were maintainers of the monstrous policy of the South. However, since I have come over to this country, you have told me the truth, and I shall be able to bear back an assurance to our people of the enthusiasm you feel for the cause of the North. And then there is the very significant act of your government—the seizure of the rams in Liverpool [loud cheers]. Then there are the weighty words spoken by Lord Russell at Glangowrie and the words spoken by the Attorney-General [cheers]. These acts and declarations of policy, coupled with all that I have seen and the feeling of enthusiasm of this English people, will warm the hearts of the Americans in the North. If we are one in civilization, one in religion, one substantially in faith, let us be one in national policy, one in every enterprise for the furtherance of the gospel and for the happiness of mankind [cheers]. I thank you for your long patience with me. [Go on!] Ah! when I was a boy they used to tell me never to eat enough, but always to get up being yet a little hungry. I would rather you should go away wishing I had spoken longer than go away saying, "What a tedious fellow he was!" [A laugh.] And therefore if you will not permit me to close and go, I beg you to recollect that this is the fifth speech of more than two hours' length that I have spoken, on some occasions under difficulties, within seven or eight days, and I am so exhausted that I ask you to permit me to stop [great cheering].

Professor Newman then rose and moved the following resolution: "Resolved, That this meeting presents its most cordial thanks to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher for the admirable address which he has delivered this evening, and expresses its hearty sympathy with his reprobation of the slaveholders' rebellion, his vindication of the rights of a free government, and his aspirations for peace and friendship between the English people and their American brethren; and as this meeting recognizes in Mr. Beecher one of the early pioneers of negro emancipation, as well as one of the most eloquent and successful of the champions of that great cause, it rejoices in this opportunity of congratulating him on the triumph with which the labors of himself and his associates have been crowned in the anti-slavery policy of President Lincoln and his Cabinet."

[Prof. Newman made a few pertinent observations in support of the resolution, and then it was seconded in an admirable speech by Newman Hall, from which we quote:]

Though we are not bound by our principles to agree with every word and sentiment uttered tonight, we do all agree in heartily thanking the lecturer for his eloquent oration and the assistance he has thus given us to understand this great question [renewed applause]. We may also say that we agree in wishing him hearty farewell as a true friend to Great Britain [hear, hear]. We may have misunderstood America—we shall henceforth understand her better. Mr. Beecher may have misunderstood us—he will understand us better. He is going back to his country to bear this testimony, that whatever differences of political opinion there may be here, the heart of old England beats true to freedom—that in spite of caricatures and leading articles, the heart of Great Britain beats true to America. He will go back to his own country to do there what we pledge ourselves to do here—everything that will promote harmony between the two great nations [loud applause]. He will go home to do what we pledge ourselves to do—discourage every word and act calculated to excite international irritation and discord. He will go to teach his countrymen, as we will teach ours, that the true alliances for the free to make are with free peoples, and not with despotic emperors or czars [renewed cheering]. We will both of us—they on that side and we on this—do all we can to promote true and brotherly love between these two great peoples—do all we can to discourage every act or word that may tend to beget disunion between two nations that are, as we have heard, one in blood, one in speech, one in literature, one in freedom, one in faith—two nations over whose disunion I could fancy hell from beneath would be moved with exultation, while all the tyrannies on the earth would clap their hands [loud and prolonged cheering]—two nations over whose indissoluble alliance the heaven-born spirits of freedom, civilization, and religion will sing rapturous anthems of praise to God, beckoning us onwards, as sworn brothers in the van of human progress, to share together the toil and to reap together the divine honor of the final victory of truth, righteousness, and love [immense applause].

George Thompson, Esq.—Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I promise you that my words shall be exceedingly few. Two "new men" have set you and me the example of brevity, and I, an old man, will not violate the example they have furnished. I may, however, be permitted to say that it is with more than ordinary interest I attend such a meeting as this, when I recollect that more than nine and twenty years ago I was laboring with a handful of faithful men and women in the city of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, amid much obloquy and frequent danger, in disseminating those very truths which are now convulsing and converting America—regenerating and establishing America—and which will through many future ages, and I trust centuries, cement together the several parts of America, and in no long period from this moment exhibit to the world a continent in which there neither domineers a tyrant nor crawls a slave [loud cheers]. I can, from the study and observation of thirty years, during which I have paid two visits to America and held familiar intercourse with many of the wisest—certainly of the best—in that country, and have enjoyed uninterrupted intercourse with them by correspondence and the reception of newspapers through that whole time—I can bear my humble testimony to the truth of all that, in substance at least, Mr. Beecher has said to night [hear, hear]. Let Mr. Beecher know that the heart of England would have beaten in all its pulses but for—whatever may have been the motives—the perversities of the truth which have been steadily kept before the public. Let Mr. Beecher know that the men throughout this country who have manifested a decided leaning towards the South are men who belong to two classes, and two classes only—either the unteachable, and therefore the ignorant, or the informed, and therefore the wilful [cheers]. I have heard in this meeting occasional cries of "No." Now I have had an opportunity in almost every part of England of taking the amount of information possessed by those who at public meetings like this shout "No, no." If the provincial papers had not to a great extent followed the example of some members of the London press, Mr. Beecher need not have come to this country to know what the opinions of the honest and uncorrupted millions of Englishmen on this subject have ever been [cheers]. Had the North been disposed to pay the price which the South has paid, the venal pens that have slandered the North would have been as ready to magnify and exalt the North [hear, hear]. It comes within my knowledge that in the city of Manchester, where there is a feeble imitator of a great public instructor of this metropolis [A Voice—The Manchester *Guardian*]—in that city many public meetings have been held, in all of which, by immense majorities and frequently with perfect unanimity, resolutions have been passed in favor of the North, and approving and supporting the anti-slavery policy of President Lincoln, and in all the great surrounding towns similar meetings have been held and resolutions passed, and yet that newspaper has given no publicity whatever to the occurrence of such meetings [shame]—while it has blazoned forth every little and insignificant meeting held by little knots of secessionists, whose names until recently we could not by all diligence obtain [hear, hear]. Let Mr. Beecher see that while this hall has been crowded, and while thousands have been gathered in the hall below, and in the Strand and neighboring streets, and while in all the various districts of London and its suburbs, there have been multitudinous meetings, always with the same results, and almost unanimous in their support of the North, only two meetings have been held in London—or, at least, meetings only in two places—in support of the South: one, a meeting called to hear a lecture from some redoubtable Colonel Fuller, who volunteered to tell us all about the question, and the other a meeting held up a pair of stairs in Devonshire street, Portland place [laughter and cheers]. And yet *The Times* and the Manchester *Guardian* ignore the occurrence of meetings like this! But what for? It serves their masters for the time, it pleases their patrons for the time: and it manages the market for the time. But it will come to pass on this question, as it came to pass with regard to other questions discussed on this platform, that the "brayings" of Exeter Hall will become the utterance of the feelings of the English people (cheers). You are asked to commend the address of Mr. Beecher, because in it he has rightly reprobated the slaveholders' rebellion (hear, hear). There are a few Copperheads in this assembly (laughter). I don't know whether you all are aware what they are, and Mr. Beecher could tell you better than I can. South Carolina is called the Palmetto State, but besides having the palmetto for its ensign it has also the rattlesnake (hear, hear). The rattlesnake loses its skin every year and gets a new one—and I hope that South Carolina will also lose its skin and get a new one—but while the process is going on the rattlesnake becomes blind, and the copperhead snake brings it the food it requires. Therefore the people in the North who sympathize with the South have got the name of Copperheads (laughter). Now if on leaving this hall, you should hear any gentleman finding fault with Mr. Beecher, I do not say call him a Copperhead (laughter)—but you may at any rate suspect that he is very nearly one (great laughter). Mr. Beecher has said that this is a slaveholders' rebellion. Slaveholders conceived it, and developed, and formed all that is vital and influential in the Southern Confederacy. Their President is a slaveholder, or if not now he was one until the advance of the Federal troops set his slaves at liberty (hear, hear). The simple object of the South is to raise an empire by the subjugation of a weaker race. But I believe that the South will not succeed in her criminal designs, and that, notwithstanding temporary checks and reverses, the Federals, who have been compelled to draw the sword, will in the end achieve the victory (cheers). And I earnestly pray that when the smoke of battle shall have passed away, and the tears have been wiped from the eye of every mourner, and when the grass has begun to grow upon the graves of those who have fallen, universal liberty will prevail, and the whole of America be made hallowed ground [protracted applause].

The motion was then carried amidst loud cheers, only three hands being held up against it.


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.


## SECRETARY SEWARD'S PRODIGALS.

There has been a good deal of question and of questioning as to how Secretary Seward stood on the question of the disposition to be made of slavery in case the rebellion should be put down by the arms of the nation. It was natural that there should have been curiosity about the matter, after his Letters to the Foreign Ministers at the breaking out of the war, and his draughts of that date on the credulity of mankind at sixty and ninety days as to the suppression of the Rebellion. But it was certainly odd that any doubt should have existed on the subject since he countersigned the President's Proclamation of last New Year's Day. And it was not very complimentary to him that the question should still have been kept an open one by the public as to his views on this matter after he had seemed to have uttered them so authentically. His friends have considered the uneasiness felt very extensively as to his wishes in these premises as an unjust and unfair reflection on the character of an eminent public man. But he has taken the pains to let the public know that it was not so far wrong in its anxiety to know whether he accepted the Proclamation as a finality or not, with at least a very strong implication, amounting to all but a positive asseveration that he does *not*. Being on a visit at Auburn, he met his fellow-citizens at Corning Hall in that place, one day last week, and gave them his views as to the state of the country and the prospect of putting down the Rebellion. The only part of his Speech with which we have any present concern is that in which he treats of slavery as affected by the Rebellion in the Rebel States.

He says "the abettors of the rebellion are troubled for fear that we shall not leave to the rebels, when they shall have submitted, enough of slavery and slaves. They want to know what we propose about [illegible] excusable, if not laudable, and it is one which is largely shared by opposers of the rebellion as well. And one would think that the answer was at hand, unequivocal and unmistakable, especially when the question was proposed to the Secretary of State. His fellow-citizens hardly could have proposed to go behind the record, had he taken the Proclamation from his pocket and said, "There can be no difficulty as to the number of slaves or the amount of slavery to be left to the rebels on submission, for there is no lawful slavery at all in the rebel country, and not a single slave legally held there, now, and has not been since the First of January now last past." And for proof he could read the Proclamation, of which the following extracts are the sum and substance: "Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, as a fit and necessary war measure, do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States, are, and henceforward shall be, FREE!" One would think that such an authority, produced by the very minister who authenticated it by his signature, should have concluded the whole matter. Mr. Seward, however, does not seem to have recollected this insignificant circumstance, and so he answers the question by stating, that had the rebels submitted at first they could have saved all their slaves; not having done so, they had lost slaves at the rate of 10,000 a month, and that "*they are verging upon a time when submission, coming too late, will leave neither slavery nor slaves in the land!*" Then it is not yet too late, it seems. Despite the Proclamation, with Mr. Lincoln's and Mr. Seward's signatures to the same, that there is not a single slave, legally held, in all rebeldom, the rebels may have what is left of them, if they will submit before they have all run away! We can make no other meaning out of his words.

Mr. Seward goes on to say, "this question of slavery is their business, not mine!" Indeed! And was he doing what was none of his business, last New Year's Day, when he helped the President proclaim liberty to all the slaves of that rebel land? If his words are rightly reported and have any sense in them, Mr. Seward must believe that the miracle which Mr. Lincoln pronounced as impossible as the bringing of the dead to life, can be wrought, and that men legally free now can be made rightfully slaves, upon the application of their rebel masters, after they have been forced to give up their rebellion. "So long as they propose no surrender, they are entitled to ask no terms." Of course not; but if they *do* propose a surrender, they will be entitled to terms, including the reënslaving of their emancipated bondmen! There is no other logical inference from the terms of the proposition. Mr. Seward thinks, indeed, that the future will be like the past, and that "the insurrection will perish under military power, and that slavery will perish with it. *Nevertheless*, I am willing that the prodigal son shall return. The doors, as far as I am concerned, shall always be open to him," and he concludes this part of his speech by affirming his conviction that "neither men nor angels can prevent the fatted calf from being slain for his welcome whenever he does come back, saying penitently, 'Brothers, I have offended, and I desire reconciliation?'" Can anything be plainer than the *inuendo* of this passage? Mr. Seward believes slavery will perish with the insurrection; but, *nevertheless*, if the rebels are willing to yield before that is effected, he is content to let it survive for their benefit. We think that Mr. Seward's version of the New Testament must differ a little from ours, for though the rebels have done many things attributed to the Prodigal and suffered some of them, we do not recollect that, besides seceding and spending his substance among harlots in riotous living, and being reduced to eat husks, he was guilty of trying to burn his father's house, attempting his life and actually taking that of many of his brethren, all of which is necessary to complete Mr. Seward's parallel. We doubt whether the excellent Parent of the Parable would have forgiven his son quite so readily in such case, and we are quite sure that the Elder Brother would have been singularly justified in objecting to it, if he had. Indeed, should our typical Uncle Sam take Mr. Seward's advice in these premises, he will be the Fatted Calf, himself, and will deserve to be killed, as he most assuredly will be.

We apprehend that this speech of Mr. Seward's will excite a good deal of surprise on the other side the Atlantic, when it gets there. And for two reasons mainly—first, that a speech should be made by a Prime Minister, as they regard Mr. Seward, on this subject, without any mention of the Proclamation, and with so strong a disapproval of its finality, by indirection not to be misconstrued; and, secondly, that after such an open disrespect to the President as this part of his speech contains, he should be retained in office—as, of course, he will be. No English minister could keep his place a day after such a public divergency from a Cabinet measure of his Chief. The purpose of thus throwing out these *obiter dicta* must be to conciliate the favor of that very large body of all parties who think that the war should be ended, leaving slavery as it was, if it can be, and to procure their cordial assistance in carrying on the war, on the implied assurance that it will not be continued for abolition after it shall have vindicated the Union. We have often argued as to the absurdity of this distinction; but that it exists, and is held by multitudes besides the Copperheads, we fear cannot be denied. It has always been believed that Mr. Seward would esteem it an act of the highest statesmanship to bring this war to an end, maintaining the territorial Union, with or without the preservation of slavery. He here, after the proclamation, virtually reaffirms the doctrine which he laid down two years and a half ago in his diplomatic instructions. What the Secretary of State affirms on such a subject is entitled to the greatest weight in forming a judgment of the possible complications of our near history. It is a clearly defined invitation to the rebels to offer such terms as they think they could accept, with the plainly-intimated assurance that the continuance of slavery, for all the Proclamation, will be no bar to reconciliation in the eyes of the chief Cabinet Minister of Mr. Lincoln. They will treat it with contempt, of course, as long as they have a hope of final success. But should that fail them, who can doubt that they will make the best terms they can for themselves? And here stands the Secretary of State holding his arms out to them, saying, "True, you have murdered, starved and mutilated hundreds of thousands of our soldiers; you have made tens of thousands of widows and orphans; you have wasted billions of money for us, and embarrassed our industry for years to come; but now you have done all you can to ruin your country and its people, and stop because you can't help yourselves, I take you to my heart, in the name of the nation, in token of perfect forgiveness and overflowing brotherly love!" Were ever traitors treated by any nation as Mr. Seward proposes to treat ours? As there was never such a rebellion, in wickedness and extent, so there never was so lame and impotent a conclusion of one, could Mr. Seward have his way.

The country is certainly in a singular situation. The President affirms that there is not a slave in the rebel country, by virtue of his Proclamation. His Prime Minister virtually pooh-poohs the Proclamation as a nullity, and is willing to treat with the rebels on the basis of saving all that can be saved of slavery for them. They are the leaders of the two parties now dividing the nation. Which will prevail, in the supposed case? The one that has the majority of the nation behind him. And which is that now? We hope the President; we fear the Secretary. The longer the war, the more obstinate the rebels, the greater the hope for the right's prevailing. A bloody and ghastly hope, only worse than the more cruel peace that should leave slavery alone.

## FREEDMEN'S RELIEF MEETING.

On Monday evening last a large meeting was held in the Cooper Institute, under the auspices of the National Freedmen's Relief Association, in behalf of the suffering "contrabands" in the Department of the Mississippi. Rev. A. S. Fiske, the Chaplain of this class of people in that Department, was present, under instructions from Gen. Grant, to represent to the assembly their destitute condition, and solicit means for their relief.

The Rev. Dr. Tyng, on taking the chair, made a spirited address. Having alluded to the glorious results of the recent elections, he said they had been achieved on the avowed principle that rebellion was slavery, and slavery was rebellion. The rebellion was to be overwhelmed, and slavery was to be exterminated. The overwhelming of the rebellion would be the extermination of slavery, and the extermination of slavery would be the overwhelming of the rebellion (applause). They had lived to see the whole current of public sentiment changed in regard to slavery, and he ventured to say that there was not one single village or township in the Northern States in which a majority of the people would not now sympathize with the slave seeking his liberty and with those who were striving to elevate and bless him in its attainment. The time had come when there was no longer in the nation the spirit of mercy to slavery; and the men who held on to it, the people who held on to it, the Administration who held on to it, and the party who held on to it would go down where the Saviour sent the hogs into which the devil entered (applause). No gradual emancipation now. No compensated emancipation now. Now put the axe to the root of the tree, and down with it—down with it (applause). In regard to the emancipated slaves he said: In all that elevates the human character black men and black women had shown themselves as exalted and glorious as any white men and white women in the land. The time had come when we should take them cordially by the hand and say of each one of them, it is my brother, it is my sister, it is my fellow-citizen; the very rights which I have he shall have; the respect which I demand he shall receive; the countenance which I require I will myself impart to him. The time has come when the distinction between black and white, as a distinction of reciprocal respect and regard, shall be one of those hateful things which we have buried beneath the pyramid under which copperheadism is interred till it rots for an eternity (applause).

Mr. Fiske made a most impressive statement of the condition and wants of the 50,000 Freedmen in the Department of the Mississippi. He explained the circumstances of destitution and suffering under which they had made their escape from slavery, and showed that while the able-bodied men had enlisted in the army, the women and children must be fed and clothed during the Winter by the people of the North. He described the cruelties which they had suffered at the hands of pro-slavery officers and soldiers, but said the prejudice which led to these cruelties had greatly abated. His experience had been with the troops of Southern Indiana and Illinois. Troops from other Western States had behaved far differently, and of late, since the arming of the blacks and their approved usefulness in all departments of the service, this abuse and contempt had ceased nearly altogether. He had some hard things to say of officers and soldiers in our army, but amidst them all let him—the modest, unpretending hero of Vicksburg—stand spotless! (Great applause.) He early overcame all the prejudice of education and training, and had stood the black man's friend. All that he could do he had done, nobly, liberally. By his order, every step for their care and the supply of their necessities had been taken. The honor of his action in these affairs should brighten forever the lustre of his imperishable name.

The Rev. Doctors Hitchcock and Bellows also made admirable speeches, and Gen. Sickles came in upon his crutches and spoke a few fit words.

Subscriptions and donations were solicited from the audience, and the following resolutions, among others adopted:

Resolved, That a Committee of thirteen citizens, to be carefully selected by the National Freedmen's Relief Society, be appointed to represent this meeting in a delegation to the President of the United States, asking him to call on Congress in his next Message to create a Bureau of Emancipation, whose duty it shall be, at the expense of the nation, to superintend the transition of the freedmen created by the President's proclamation and not otherwise provided for, in their transition from a state of compulsory labor to a condition of self-supporting industry.

Resolved, That this same Committee be charged with the more immediate duty of calling on our citizens for subscriptions to meet the pressing wants of the negroes on the Mississippi, whose sufferings we have just heard described, and that an effort be made by them for a simultaneous collection in our Churches on the Sunday preceding our national Thanksgiving; that the money raised be paid to the Treasurer of the National Freedmen's Relief Association, and be disbursed at their discretion.

Resolved, That we implore our citizens—merchants, manufacturers, all classes—to give instant and liberal aid to these poor people; that the gentlemen composing the Chamber of Commerce, Board of Brokers, Corn Exchange, and other associations, be requested to take such steps as they deem advisable to aid the suffering parents, wives and children of the colored soldiers conscripted for the army.

Resolved, As the objects of this charity are, to a great extent, women and children, that we call upon the women of our land to aid this cause by their needles, fairs, parlor entertainments, and by personal efforts among their friends.

## THE FREEDMEN IN PHILADELPHIA.

An immense and enthusiastic meeting was held in Philadelphia on Tuesday evening, the 3d inst., to consider the case of the Freedmen in Tennessee, on the banks of the Mississippi and elsewhere. Bishop Potter presided and addressed the meeting. Addresses were also delivered by Rev. A. S. Fiske of Memphis, and J. M. McKim and Rev. Phillips Brooks of Philadelphia. A series of resolutions was adopted, one of which affirmed that immediate steps should be taken to raise for the benefit—physical, moral and mental—of the Southern freedmen the sum of $100,000. A subscription was started on the spot, and five persons subscribed each $1,000.

The proceedings of the meeting in neat pamphlet form are forthcoming from the Philadelphia press, copies of which will be sent to subscribers in Pennsylvania and States adjacent.

## ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT CUMMINGTON.

Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3d, 1863.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

An interesting Anti-Slavery Convention was held in Cummington, Mass., on Saturday, Oct. 31, and Sunday, Nov. 1st. The speakers present were Parker Pillsbury, C. C. Burleigh and E. H. Heywood, and their eloquent addresses were well calculated to inspire their hearers with new courage, and to a consecration of themselves to the work of educating the heart of the American people to a sense of the enormity of the sin of slaveholding and the retribution that always follows it. Although it may seem to many that the government has commenced and is carrying on in this war an anti-slavery work, those veteran advocates of the slaves' cause have not lessened their labors or abated their earnest zeal in the work of redeeming our country from its vilest curse.

The following resolutions were adopted by the meeting, and the Secretary requested by vote of the Convention to send a report of the meeting with the resolutions to the Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Whereas, The rebellion and civil war which afflict the land are the natural consequence of that preceding rebellion against the Divine government of which the nation was guilty in upholding slavery, and so is the Divinely ordered retribution for the nation's sin; therefore,

Resolved, That it is idle to hope for escape from the chastisement, while the transgression is persisted in.

Resolved, That the wasting desolations of the present war, reaching already through thirty months, with fearful prospect of bloody years yet to come, while the North has loudly boasted that in men, money, and all military resources it is vastly superior to the South, afford alarming reason to apprehend that a mightier arm is lifted against us than all the rebellious hosts of the Confederate States.

Resolved, That if the Most High is the "God of battles," he is also the God of the oppressed; and while one slave appeals to Him against us, from any State, however loyal, or claimant, however patriotic, the honor and the throne of the universe are pledged against our military success or national salvation.

Resolved, That the true military necessity of the present crisis is the necessity to obey God's law, by proclaiming liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.

Resolved, That rebellion and treason having wrought a legal forfeiture of the instruments employed therein, and the powers of the State government of the rebel States having been so employed and therefore so forfeited, there is in those States no local government which any loyal subject of the Federal government can recognize as legitimate, and consequently no legitimate government there except that of the Union, or such as derives its authority from that.

Resolved, That slavery having no legal warrant but what is derived from the local law, and the validity of that having failed by forfeiture of the power which enacted it, slavery is no longer legal in any rebel State, and it has become the right and duty of the legal law to declare it illegal, and require all its subordinate agents, civil and military so to regard and treat it, recognizing as freemen all who were heretofore held in such States as slaves.

Resolved, That the exigencies of the crisis have conferred upon the Federal government adequate legal power to abolish slavery in the "loyal" slave States, as a measure necessary to the preservation of the nation's life.

Resolved, That it is always the duty of a government to use all its legal and constitutional powers on the side of justice and humanity, and therefore the instant it becomes the legal right of the government to abolish slavery anywhere, it is its duty to exercise that right.

Resolved Therefore, That we ought to hold the Federal government responsible for the longer continuance of slavery as a recognized legal institution, in any part of the country, and to press upon it its duty to proclaim or enact its immediate abolition.

Resolved, That our work as Abolitionists is what it ever has been, to wield the power of truth, in persevering efforts so to mould public opinion that it will demand the abolition of slavery throughout the land, not merely as an act of policy, but as a duty to God and man, and will make the longer continuance of the system a moral impossibility, whether government and their agents do or neglect their duty.

Resolved, That faithful and consistent Abolitionists, who adhere to the Declaration of 1833, whilst they have great things to hope and be thankful for, in behalf of the long-crushed slaves of this land, cannot rationally expect that the war-power of the Federal government, however triumphant over the rebellion, will completely blot out the institution of slavery, much less insure full justice to the multitudes of nominally freed men; but that they have abundant reason to anticipate a fearful re-conspiracy of the pro-slavery elements in the country, when politics shall succeed the clangor of arms, against the elevation of the colored millions; and, therefore, that it behooves all such Abolitionists to gird up their loins for a long and severe contest with that low and selfish contempt for the colored race which has caused all this wickedness and misery—nor to dream of being discharged from their anti-slavery mission, as the prophets of justice, till the yet distant jubilee shall give full liberty to the last bondman of the American prison-house.

Resolved, That a thorough anti-slavery man, who is also an anti-war man from principle, though he cannot consistently sanction, stimulate, or glorify even an anti-slavery war, is not, therefore, a less efficient Abolitionist, since he can accord due credit to the motives and services of all who, in the same general cause, conscientiously occupy what seems to him a lower moral plane than his own, whilst he strikes the axe of Reform, as he thinks, far deeper than they into the roots of animal selfishness, and devotedly works for the spiritual regeneration which is indispensable to universal justice, order and harmony among mankind.

No Convention held in this vicinity heretofore has seemed productive of more benefit, although some of them have been more largely attended. The disposition to give up personal endeavors for the salvation of our country and trust to noisy, red-handed war to do individual duty has been in a great measure dispelled from the minds of those here who have previously labored for the slaves' deliverance.

Nelson Brown, Sec. Levi Kingman, Pres.

Eastern Virginia.—It is expected that twenty-five Counties of Eastern Virginia will be represented in the new State Legislature which convenes at Alexandria in December. Thirty members have already been elected. It is proposed to disfranchise all disloyal citizens and call a Convention for amending the Constitution of the State, principally in regard to slavery, thereby effectually destroying the institution and providing for the negroes set at liberty.

## LETTER FROM AARON M. POWELL.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

The new lecturing movement which you have announced in The Standard, as instituted by the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and in the labor of which it is my privilege to share, has been in part inaugurated by a series of meetings now in progress in this State, in this (Washington) County. Last week I attended three very good meetings in Easton, North Easton, and Union Village, preliminary to the present engagements. It is now my good fortune and happiness to have as a fellow-laborer Wendell P. Garrison, of Boston. His is a new voice in our ranks, and will be to you, and to all who may hear him, most welcome, as an efficient auxiliary in the important work we have still to prosecute to a complete and successful issue. This is his dedication tour as a public speaker, and nobly has he consecrated himself to the completion of the humane enterprise commenced more than a quarter of a century ago, and so well carried forward by his father. He will honor both the names he bears, and most creditably serve the cause which is so near to the hearts of all who have shared its sacrifices, perils and pleasures.

Our first meeting was held on Friday evening last, in the new Academy Hall of Easton. There was a very cordial interest manifested in the meeting, and measures were adopted for a thorough canvass of the community with the Emancipation petition which you have commended to the attention of your readers.

Saturday afternoon we addressed a meeting in the South Easton Friends' meeting-house. The afternoon proved to be rainy and the attendance moderate in consequence, but the spirit of the meeting was excellent. I have much pleasure in mentioning as one of the practical incidents of the meeting, a donation made to the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in aid of the new work proposed by the Executive Committee, of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, by David Baker, of South Easton. It is a most generous and timely contribution, and will both greatly aid our common cause in its present needs, and in turn richly bless the donor.

Yesterday afternoon we had a good meeting at the North Easton Friends' meeting-house, at the close of which a committee was appointed to circulate the Emancipation petition.

Last evening we addressed a large meeting in the Congregational church of this place. Mr. Garrison gave, with excellent effect, a carefully prepared lecture in behalf of "Liberty and Union." Measures have already been taken for the circulation of the petition here. Dr. H. Corliss spoke briefly but earnestly in behalf of the petition, and of the new work proposed by the American Anti-Slavery Society. This Church has for many years held regular monthly anti-slavery meetings. The present pastor is Rev. Mr. Smith, a New England man, and an old travelling companion, I believe, of Mr. Charles Lenox Remond. It was in this Union Village Congregational Church that I attended for the first time an Anti-Slavery Convention. It was at the time of George Thompson's last visit to this country. Sojourner Truth was with him here. It was on that occasion, and in this church that I received my "ordination" for preaching the gospel of anti-slavery truth, though I had not then thought of devoting myself to anti-slavery labor. During a recess on the second day of the Convention, while seated midway of the church conversing with some friends, Sojourner Truth, who had been standing alone by the pulpit, came down the aisle, stopped opposite us, and laying her hand upon my head, addressing me, said; "*Ise been a lookin' into your face, and I sees you in the futur pleadin' our cause.*" While it is doubtless among the forgotten incidents to her, it has always lingered with me, and is brought fresh to my mind upon each recurring visit here. And so far as human benediction can encourage and strengthen for faithful labor, I know of no ordination I would have preferred to the "laying on of hands" by that truly remarkable, great souled colored woman.

I am painfully reminded, on the occasion of this visit, of the many changes which are taking place in the ranks of the old and long-tried Abolitionists. As I write we are the guests of Mrs. Gibbs and daughters in the home of our honored and most valued friend, Leonard Gibbs, Esq. It is but a few weeks since the removal of Mr. Gibbs to another sphere of existence was chronicled in your columns. He was a man of fine talent, of much native refinement and culture, and with the crowning characteristic of incorruptible integrity. His life has been a most valuable and effective testimony against oppression, and the compromises in Church and State by which it has so long been bolstered up and supported. I feel his loss much as an endeared personal friend, and as a coadjutor in the anti-slavery movement. May his rare example of personal fidelity prove a rich legacy to those who were nearest him, and by whom he was warmly beloved in the home relation, and to all of us whose privilege it was to know him.

This evening we are to speak in Galesville.

Aaron M. Powell.

## WOMEN'S PETITION FOR EMANCIPATION.

We give below the form of petition adopted by the Women's National Loyal League. If any of our readers are not otherwise supplied, they can copy this on a sheet of paper and commence at once the work of obtaining signatures.

*To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:*

(Men)

The Undersigned, Women of the United States above the age of eighteen years, earnestly pray that your Honorable Body will pass, at the earliest practicable day, an Act emancipating all Persons of African descent held to involuntary service or labor in the United States.

| *Name.* | *Residence.* |
|---|---|

When the sheet is filled, add others of the same width to the foot of it, with paste or mucilage. The signatures should be by the persons themselves, or else written at their request. Add, at close of each petition, the number of signatures contained, and name of Town, County and State whence it comes. Return to Women's National Loyal League, 20 Cooper Institute, New York.

N.B.—As this petition will not be presented till after next December 12, all who will then be eighteen years old have a right to sign it.

## AN APPEAL FOR CLOTHING.

Children's Aid Society, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York, Nov. 1863.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

Your readers are aware that the Children's Aid Society provide for large numbers of poor and homeless children. To send them off decently to the West, or to enable them to enter our Industrial schools, they need common clothing, such as shoes, socks, coats and pants, frocks and under clothing.

Without the articles we usually supply, numbers of poor little creatures will be exposed to the Winter's cold, or will be prevented from being educated. *We have nothing now in our wardrobe.* Will not kind-hearted people in the country and city spare a little from their abundance for these needy young children.

If sewing-societies could make garments for our boys and girls it would be a great help to us. We can use the *old clothes* to much advantage, and will always send for the bundles if the address be sent to us.

J. Macy, Ass't. Sec.

Brutalities of the Rebels.—Rev. Geo. H. Hammer, Chaplain of the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry, who was recently released from Libby Prison, furnishes the Philadelphia *Inquirer* a long account of his captivity and of the sufferings of our soldiers who fall into the rebel clutch. The facts he relates are heart-rending. They illustrate the savage brutality engendered by the spirit of slavery. Having ended his report of cruelties inflicted upon white soldiers, he adds:

"There are also there about one hundred free negroes of the North, officers' servants from the army and navy. They are used at the present about the prisons, or upon the fortifications around Richmond. One of the many nights spent in Libby is deeply engraven upon my mind. A free negro of Philadelphia, captured in the navy, nearly white, received three hundred and twenty-five lashes in a room immediately beneath us, his loud cries and pleadings penetrating every part of the building, as blow followed blow. He was then wrapped in a blanket saturated with salt water, and cast into one of the dungeons for a month or more. Such scenes and cries were frequent. Those of our number who entered there as advocates of slavery, or at least sympathizers, are such no more."

## PERSONAL.

Gen. Butler is said to have voted the entire Republican ticket at the recent election in Massachusetts.

Gen. Butler, in consequence of his appointment as commander of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, was unable to fulfil his engagement to deliver a lecture on Tuesday evening last in the Parker Fraternity course, in Boston. Theodore D. Weld was summoned from this city to fill his place.

Nathaniel White, Esq., of Concord, N. H., having erected a beautiful and commodious public hall in that place, invited Mr. Garrison, Mr. Pillsbury, and the Rev. Mr. Canfield to assist in dedicating it to "Justice and Freedom." The dedication took place on the 3d inst., and was witnessed by a large audience.

Prof. J. C. Zachos, formerly of Antioch College, now of Boston, offers his services to Literary Associations and Lyceums as a lecturer. We take pleasure in commending him in that capacity to the notice of the friends of freedom and humanity. Two of his lectures—one embodying his experiences among the Freedmen, the other on "War and Peace,"—will be found specially appropriate at the present time.

Thedore D. Weld delivered two powerful discourses at Dodworth's Hall, in Broadway, opposite Eleventh street, on Sunday last. He will speak twice in the same place to-morrow (Sunday). Subject in the morning, "Truth and its Antagonisms"; in the evening, "The Havoc of Creeds." If Mr. Weld were as well known to all the friends of progress in this city as he deserves to be, the largest hall here would not suffice for the accommodation of the multitude who would flock to hear him.

Dr. Tyng, in his speech at the Cooper Institute, on Monday evening, took occasion to refer to Henry Ward Beecher, as a plenipotentiary of his country, who had accomplished a work of diplomacy in England which demanded and deserved any ovation which on his return the people of the metropolis could give him. He now held him as one of the greatest, as he had before regarded him as one of the loveliest and best of his fellow-citizens and fellow-men. The allusion was warmly responded to. We understand that measures have already been adopted for giving Mr. Beecher a fitting reception at the Academy of Music. His arrival is looked for daily.

Among the articles offered for sale at the Chicago Fair for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission was an album containing a large and rare collection of autographs of distinguished champions of liberty—both statesmen and poets—valued at $100, which was raffled for in a hundred shares at one dollar each. The chief autographs were those of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Chas. Sumner, Joshua R. Giddings, John G. Whittier, Owen Lovejoy, Oliver W. Holmes, Julia Ward Howe, B. Gratz Brown, M. D. Conway, Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, Robt. Dale Owen, J. M. Kaye, Sam. S. Howe, Lucretia Mott, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edmund Quincy, David Lee Child, L. Maria Child, W. H. Furness, A. Bronson Alcott, Robt. Collyer, H. W. Beecher, Sam. J. May.

Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati, gave great offence to the Copperheads in his diocese by voting against Vall

of the Emperor. It is scarcely possible to measure the grandeur of this peaceful revolution, by which nearly 40,000,000 of people are raised from a condition closely akin to slavery, to the level of free men of other civilized States. This great act is consummated, with comparatively little suffering and large prospects of future advantages to the nobles and proprietors of land, save only those whose estates should come under an incumbered estates act. The emancipated serfs are already displaying a degree of intelligence and industry that surprises their former owners; establishing schools, laying out hoarded money on lands and tenements, and in many other respects showing great intelligence and sagacity."

## Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9, 1863.

THE elections have been carried for the Administration, and Mr. Lincoln will no longer have a doubt in reference to the wishes and the purpose of the people of the free States. They mean that the rebellion shall be crushed, and the tremendous majorities rolled up in some of the States will convince many timid and temporizing men in Washington that the people do not mean to leave any institution standing which may serve as a prop to the rebellion, or, after it shall be vanquished, may tend to excite another insurrection in this country. I do not think that Mr. Lincoln has ever doubted the purpose of the people of the free States, unless it was just after the elections one year ago, and perhaps he did not then. He might have been justified then for doubting the people for a moment, and but for a moment. Now he has heard the voice of the people, and he will not mistake it.

There is more rejoicing here in anti-slavery circles—I may say in *Republican* circles—over the result in Maryland than in all the other States put together. It is no honor to the Empire State that she has given a majority of 35,000 against the scoundrels who hung negroes in the streets of New York last Summer. It is the smallest majority that could have been accepted as at all consistent with simple decency. So in Massachusetts. Does it astonish anybody that in the old Pilgrim State a noble leader gets a tremendous majority over a Copperhead? It certainly should not.

But in Maryland it is very different. It is a slave State, and until quite recently has been controlled by men who are rebels at heart, and some of them have frankly acknowledged that they hate the government of the United States. This slave State of Maryland has been carried by the Emancipationists! What a wonderful triumph is this! Here is a victory over which anti-slavery men have a right to rejoice. I am aware of the fact that a great many people did not vote, but they were secessionists for the most part—rebels, who have no right to vote anywhere. The great fact remains that a majority of the loyal men of Maryland are in favor of immediate emancipation. The gallant leader of the Emancipationists in the campaign, Mr. Goldsbough, is elected Comptroller of the State by a very heavy majority. Maryland has spoken in a voice of thunder against slavery. For be it remembered that the contest in Maryland was not for and against the war or the Union, but it was the simple issue of Emancipation or Slavery. The Reverdy Johnsons, the Gov. Bradfords and the Calverts were all Union men and are so still, but they are either pro-slavery or Gradual Emancipationists. Calvert, who ran for Congress as a Conservative Unionist, said the other day in view of the prospect that the secession candidate had beaten him and the Emancipation candidate, "Well, I am satisfied so that the Abolition candidate is whipped!" This he is reported to have said, and the words come very naturally from the lips of a pro-slavery Unionist. Such a man, if he cannot save slavery, prefers that the rebellion should triumph.

The Administration cannot misunderstand the lesson taught by the election in Maryland. It is a heavy blow at Blairism—at Conservatism in the Cabinet or elsewhere. Let me give the President credit for his manly letter to Gov. Bradford. It gave solid encouragement to the Emancipationists of Maryland, and enabled them to elect their candidates. Mr. Lincoln does up his statesmanship in a queer fashion. One would suppose, after his letter to the Missouri Radicals, that he would incline towards the Conservatives of Maryland, but on this point he did not. I have not heard how Mr. Montgomery Blair takes the news from the State which he claims to be especially his own. Philosophically, no doubt, as the Blairs are never stunned by any event.

I judge that there are a plenty of rebels left in Baltimore, from one fact which has transpired during the week, and some of them are clergymen. The Maryland Baptist Union Convention met in Baltimore one day last week, when a loyal member of the body offered the subjoined moderate and cautiously-worded preamble and resolution:

"In view of the present unhappy condition of our beloved country, we, as Christian citizens and representatives of the several Churches belonging to the Maryland Baptist Union Association, cannot ignore the fact that we sustain important relations to the government of the United States, inasmuch as we are taught in the word of God that the powers which be are ordained of God.

"Therefore Resolved, That we consider ourselves in duty bound to pray for the Chief Magistrate of our country, and all in authority, and to do all in our power to uphold and sustain the government of the United States in all its constitutional and necessary military measures to suppress treason and rebellion."

They were quite promptly *voted down*, as might have been expected of a Baltimore gathering of clergymen. The *sinners* of Baltimore are very tolerable people, but the *saints* are a most ungodly and villainous set of men. As *The Republican* of this city says, they have no country they dare pray for, and probably no God they dare pray to. The revolution which has not yet spent its force in Maryland will either convert or destroy these men. They must turn Emancipationists and loyal men, or must emigrate to Virginia, and indeed still further South than that, for the Old Dominion will soon catch the Emancipation fever.

We have just had a case of murder across the line over in Maryland, which carries one back to the early days of anti-slavery reform. It is a case that would add to the horrors described in the earlier anti slavery books. You will doubtless chronicle the case as a part of the history of the times, but will permit me to allude to the prominent incidents here.

A man (shall I say fiend?) by the name of Geo. W. Carpenter, living somewhere on the eastern shore of the Potomac, was recently confined in the Old Capital Prison for disloyal practices. Through the intervention of friends (probably *Conservative* citizens of Maryland) he was released. From that moment his hatred of the government was increased, and he hated black men more than the government. He soon had an opportunity to give an exhibition of his ferocious hatred of negroes. A poor slave, who was making his way to Washington in a little boat upon the Potomac, was discerned some miles below Alexandria by a party of Maryland slaveholders, this Carpenter being their leader. They caught the fugitive and murdered him. In the language of an eye-witness:

"They whipped him with two-inch fence rails until they gave out. They then got *pieces of three-inch plank, and bored holes in them, and tarred and sanded them, and laid him across a barrel and whipped him until pieces of flesh came through the holes.* Finding that not severe enough, they poured turpentine over him and let him lie for an hour, unable to move. They then got a horse and tied him to it and whipped the horse and dragged him over rocks, stone fences, water, mud, etc., until life was extinct. His brains were knocked out in all directions, and his body left on the ground and no one allowed to touch it."

That is a specimen of Maryland "Conservatism," and it is over that spirit that Radicalism has just won its victory. I do not believe there are many humane persons in the country, no matter what their politics may be, who will be sorry to hear that the power of such men is forever lost in Maryland. Mr. Lincoln is not sorry that his letter to Gov. Bradford helped to this result.

The President is plagued again with another radical memorial! Wherever his Emancipation proclamation takes root radicals spring from the ground. The loyal citizens of Tennessee are now agitating the subject of slavery. They are here with a numerously-signed petition, asking the government to save them from the Conservatives of their State. These Conservatives, it seems, are pretending to loyalty with the object of obtaining the entire control of the State. They want Mr. Lincoln to concede an immediate election in Tennessee—State and Congressional. If they can succeed, they mean to kick Gov. Andy Johnson out of the State and set up for themselves. The radical loyalists protest against this entire movement. They want no elections, and no State government till things get settled, and it is easy to tell who is a rebel and who a loyal man. The President will, I think, incline to their views, and will not give them the cold shoulder as he did the Missourians.

There is a class of Republicans, led on by Blair, Bates and men of their calibre, who deny the right of Congress to interfere with State rights. But they commit the shocking blunder and inconsistency of justifying the President in interfering by force of arms in Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri to prevent disloyal men from voting. If he can disfranchise a man in Maryland, certainly Congress, in a contingency, may do the same thing.

The question is now up for discussion, as the Tennessee delegation will press the matter upon the attention of Congress, as well as upon the President.

AVON.

## Our European Correspondence.

EMANCIPATION SOCIETY, OFFICES }
65 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E. C, 23d Oct., 1863. }

MY DEAR SIR: I send you a copy of *The Morning Star* which contains a full report of the magnificent meeting which we held in Exeter Hall on Tuesday night. This report is so ample—occupying some eight or nine columns—and the description of the scene so exact that nothing is left for me to add. Yet I cannot forbear to write you a few lines, as I have done on previous occasions, especially as I can furnish you with a point or two of information respecting Mr. Beecher's other meetings and arrangements.

Well, then, let me say that never in this metropolis has a greater or more successful demonstration been held. We kept a tight hand on the tickets, or we should have had a ten times greater crush than there was. Never did I see more general interest manifested in any meeting, or a keener desire expressed among all classes of the community to hear the truth from Mr. Beecher's lips. Anxiety to see and hear the distinguished anti-slavery orator, no doubt, had something to do with this feeling, but it was connected too with that deep sympathy with the cause of negro emancipation and of the Union which pervades the great masses of the people. One thing only was to be regretted, which was that the hall was not ten times more capacious, and that the thousands who were excluded could not all of them have heard the manly eloquence, the impassioned appeals, and the convincing arguments of your great champion. His speech speaks for itself. You well know his manner as well as his matter, and to attempt to describe it to an American citizen would be a simple piece of impertinence. But the effects of his address were no less remarkable than the ovation with which he was received when he first mounted the platform of what *The Times* (speaking the truth for once) justly calls "the traditional temple of abolitionism." I speak not so much of the intense appreciation of every point which the audience exhibited in plaudits that made the old hall ring again, as of the influence which Mr. Beecher exercised on the few secessionists who were present. They were first dumbfounded by the extract which he read from an anti-secession speech delivered by Mr. Stephens in January, 1861. Never did a man more conclusively demonstrate that the South had no ground of complaint whatever against the Federal government—that a disruption of the Union was both criminal and impolitic, even in the slaveholder's point of view—than did the Vice-President of Jefferson Davis's slaveholding confederacy on the occasion in question. There is nothing like refuting a man with his own arguments, and turning against him weapons drawn from his own armory. The confederates, who were, as I said before, very few in number, were petrified by the assault made on their cause by the Southern statesman. A visible change came o'er the spirit of their dream. They still hissed now and then, but the snake was fairly scotched, and when the vote was taken, only three hands were held up against as strong a resolution as could have been drawn up. Let me, however, do justice to Mr. Beecher. He did not need Mr. Stephens's testimony to prove his case. His argument was absolutely perfect. Step by step he proceeded with his masterly vindication of the Federal cause, and made his hearers feel that Divine justice no less than human reason was entirely on his side. His triumph was complete. It was the triumph of an advocate who had employed no mean artifices, no mere clap-traps which, high-sounding though they might be, were full of emptiness; but of a man who laid his soul open to the assembly and defied them to find anything there save the image of truth.

You yourself are well able to judge whether in the nature of things any persons could have been chosen to move the resolution, who would have been more fitted for the task, or whose names you would more care to see in juxtaposition, than professor Francis W. Newman, Newman Hall and George Thompson. Of the effect of Mr. Beecher's address upon the public mind it is too early too speak; but wherever the English language is spoken it will be read—in other words, wherever there is a community of Anglo-Saxons good seed will be sown and it will not be long before we see the harvest. It is something, nay it is much, that we have compelled so many hostile papers to give the widest circulation to a greater amount of truth than has been permitted to appear in their columns for many a long day. *The Star* and *The Daily News*, of course, give the best reports—the service they have rendered from the beginning is beyond all calculation.

I should have mentioned before, that among the most interested of the audience were two fair country women of yours, whose devotion to the anti-slavery cause is known to every American Abolitionist. I refer to Miss Caroline Weston and Miss Anne Weston Chapman, the sister and daughter of that peerless woman, Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman. There were ministers, without number, of every denomination. Here and there there was an Asiatic face; and many of our brethren of African descent were among the most eager of the listeners.

This morning a public breakfast was given to Mr. Beecher at Radly's Hotel. It was a Valedictory meeting, and partook of a fraternal character. Two hundred ministers, fifty students, and one hundred laymen were present. The credit of this highly interesting demonstration is due to Mr. Scott, the Chamberlain of London, who presided at Exeter Hall, and to Dr. Frederick Tomkins. The amiable and gentle but truth-and freedom-loving Baptist Noel took the chair. Mr. Beecher spoke with power and with a pathos which made captive every heart. What he said in eulogy of the free negroes of New York was not only touching, it was sublime. His exposure of the real character of the rioters, and his account of the benevolent efforts of the merchants of your city to alleviate the distress of the unfortunate negroes, will greatly serve the cause of truth and humanity. When the meeting was over, 'God bless you" was upon every lip. Before Mr. Beecher's final departure, he will be entertained at a public breakfast, probably at Liverpool—certainly at Birmingham.

I have only time just to mention Mr. Washington Wilks's two admirable lectures on "Punch and the American War." He portrayed the inconsistencies of the grim joker in language as brilliant as his logic was effective.

I think you will agree with me that the Emancipation Society is doing a good work and in the right way.

Yours very truly, F. W. CHESSON.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Esq., Ed. of the A. S. Standard.

## *APPEAL FOR THE FREEDMEN AT NORFOLK.*

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

THE Summer is over, the harvest is reaped, and now the government farms await judgment. Gen. Dix, last Spring, took possession of seventy or eighty plantations in the neighborhood of Fortress Monroe and Norfolk. The owners of the plantations were in the rebel service, and their estates were forfeited to the government. The freedman had his choice; to remain a pauper, or to plough the government acres. He went to the field, two thousand strong. There he ploughed, planted and reaped; working with ennobling diligence and heartiness. And to "Uncle Sam" he gave his harvest. The government did well. To the idle man it gave the crown of labor, and relieved itself by making the negro self-supporting. The government would still do well, and it promises to share with the negro the profits of the farms.

The North clothed the negro, while his purse was empty. Let it now give him the privilege of paying for his clothing. He will have little to give, but let the charitable take his mite, and return him much. Refugees still flock to Norfolk. In rags, and without money, they come. Let the North remember that without money and without price they must have clothing. The government will give the men coats, and, perhaps, pantaloons, but they must look to the North for shoes and shirts. Will the North clothe the women and children? There is already a great want of warm petticoats. Knitting yarn and needles are wanted. "Give me yarn and I will knit stockings for my husband and children," is the cry of hundreds of women. Bed-quilts without number are needed, and shoes for all ages.

Boxes sent to Norfolk must be directed to "Lucy Chase, care of Dr. O. BROWN."

## *CELEBRATION OF THE THIRD DECADE OF THE AMERICAN, ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.*

AT the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in the city of New York, in May last, it was unanimously

Resolved, That in accordance with usage, and from reasons of obvious fitness, it is proper that the completion of another Decade of the Society's existence should be marked by a special public meeting devoted to a general review and survey of the cause; and that therefore this Society, when it adjourns on this occasion, will adjourn to meet in the city of Philadelphia, on the third day of December next, then and there to celebrate, in an appropriate manner, the thirtieth—and we would fain hope the final—anniversary of its formation.

In accordance with this vote, the Executive Committee hereby announce that the THIRD DECADE of the Society will be held in Philadelphia, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Dec. 3d and 4th, 1863.

Historically, it will be an occasion of thrilling interest and joyous congratulation, unequalled in the eventful career of the Society since its formation. Unquestionably, it will be largely attended by the friends of universal liberty, representing every section of the country loyal to the government. Who among them will need any stronger appeal than the simple announcement of the fact to induce him to be present, if circumstances should permit? Let them make their arrangements accordingly. "Whosoever will, let him come"—come in the spirit of Justice and love—come as remembering those in bonds as bound with them—come as one abhorring "the guilty phantasy, that man can hold property in man"—come to put down the rebellion by helping to exterminate the hideous system from which it has legitimately sprung!

A strong array of able and eloquent speakers will be in attendance.

[Further particulars hereafter.]

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, } *Secretaries.*
CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, }

## *OBITUARY.*

MICAJAH T. JOHNSON.

THIS well-known friend of the oppressed departed this life the 8th day of 7th month, at his residence in Short Creek, Harrison Co., Ohio, in the 56th year of his age.

For three weeks he was confined to his bed, during which time, he gave directions concerning his worldly affairs, talked much, repeated his favorite verse—

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me"—

and apparently lay waiting the end of time. As he often expressed himself, when asked to take some restorative: "I am so tired, let me rest." His disease was such that he suffered no acute pain. He was spared the agony usually attendant on a death-bed. The faith that guided him through life sustained him at its close, and he met the destroyer of mankind consciously, calmly and composedly.

The deceased was born near Lynchburg, Va., and reared in the midst of slavery. At the age of twenty-three he married and removed with his wife to Ohio, where he responded to the first call of the anti-slavery agitation, and has ever since held a prominent position where he lived, befriending the slave and laboring for the elevation of humanity; ever faithful and unpresuming, a reclaimer and peacemaker among his race; his house was oft-times the shelter of the bondsman while speeding by night for liberty, and his hand the guide that pointed him on to the north star through darkness and dangers. The poor never turned unheard from his door.

The interest that he felt in our great national calamity was deep and abiding. It was one among his last inquiries, to hear from the struggling field, although nearly benumbed in the embrace of Death.

He leaves a large family to mourn his loss, though they mourn not without consolation.

## *NEW PUBLICATIONS.*

ADDRESS OF THE UNCONDITIONAL UNION STATE CENTRAL COMMITEE TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND. Baltimore: Sherwood & Co.

In this pamphlet we have a frank disclosure and an able defence of the principles of the party which won so brilliant a triumph in the recent election in Maryland, and under whose auspices we hope shortly to see slavery abolished in that State. The effects of the system in retarding the prosperity of the State are therein depicted with striking force, and we do not wonder that, with the press of the State free to present arguments so cogent and unanswerable, the people were won to the side of freedom.

THE STUDENTS' REPOSITORY, Spartanburg, Indiana. QUARTERLY. Vol. I. No. 1. S. H. SMOTHERS, Editor; JAMES BUCKNER, Assistant Editor.

This periodical is the organ of the students and friends of the Union Literary Institute at Spartanburg, Indiana—an institution established about seventeen years ago, by a few benevolent persons, most of whom were Quakers, and designed expressly for the education of colored people. Its object is to build up this institution, to cultivate the moral, intellectual and religious character of the colored people, and to afford scope for their rapidly rising talents and aspirations. The editor is the teacher of the school, and his articles in the first number of the *Repository* show him to be a man of very decided ability. We commend this periodical as worthy of encouragement by all who have at heart the elevation of the colored race. The price is only 50 cents a year. Address, S. H. Smothers, Spartanburg, Randolph Co., Indiana.

DOES THE BIBLE SANCTION AMERICAN SLAVERY? By GOLDWIN SMITH, Prof. of History in Oxford University. American Edition. Cambridge: Sever and Francis.

This pamphlet is an expansion of a lecture delivered at the Manchester Athenæum. The author is one of the most vigorous English writers of the present day, and has been a true and zealous friend of the United States ever since the rebellion broke out. In all England there are few men to whom the loyal citizens of our country are more deeply indebted than they are to him for efforts to enlighten the British people as to the principles involved in our struggle with the slave oligarchy. This pamphlet is a very satisfactory and convincing refutation of the arguments of those who seek a warrant for slavery in the Bible, and it will have weight with many people in this country.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for November contains nine articles, viz.: 1. Renan's Life of Jesus; 2. Ulric von Hutton; 3. Henry Taylor; 4. Some New Attempts at Conformity; 5. Wendell Phillips as an Orator; 6. Modern Rome; 7. Cambridge and Kingsley on American Affairs; 8. English Expositions of Neutrality; 9. Review of Current Literature.

These titles show that *The Examiner*, representing as it is known to do the ripest American scholarship, is yet keenly alive to the practical questions of the day. If it is less radical on some points than we could wish, it treats the Radicals themselves with a fairness not often exhibited in the pages of its contemporaries.

THE REBELLION RECORD, Part., XXXVII., completes the "Documents" of the War to the first of June last. It contains portraits of Gen. Richard S. Ewell, and Major-Gen. Grant. Edited by Frank Moore; G. P. Putnam, publisher, 441 Broadway; Charles T. Evans, Gen. Agent, 448 Broadway.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for October (American Edition, L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker st.) contains the following papers: 1. The French Conquest of Mexico; 2. Romola; 3. Miracles; 4. Gervinus on Shakspeare; 5. The Treaty of Vienna, Poland; 6. Wit and Humor; 7. The Critical Character; 8. Victor Hugo; 9. Mackay's Tübigen School; 10. Contemporary Literature.

The Massachusetts Legislature has just convened, in extra session. Gov. Andrew recommends that instead of bounties to volunteers regular monthly wages be paid, and a bill to give $20 per month has already been introduced.

## "PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND."

THE Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society congratulate its members and friends that, through the madness, rebellion, and secession of the South, avowedly in behalf of its Heaven-accursed and world-abhorred slave system—involving the country in a civil war of the hugest proportions and the most sanguinary character, which still continues its desolating work—the constitutional powers of the Federal government are now ample to decree the immediate and total abolition of slavery. They believe that, as a measure of national peace and unity, of humanity and justice, such a decree should be passed by the ensuing Congress at as early a period in the session as practicable—thus not only sustaining the Emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln of January 1st, 1863, but also effectually disposing of that remnant of the slave institution which was exempted by the proclamation aforesaid, in such a manner as may seem most equitable and expedient by Congress.

The warrant for this procedure is to be found in the still greatly imperilled state of the republic, and in the legitimate functions of the government that may be exercised in such an alarming crisis. By common law, an individual has the right of self-defence by all means recognized by that law. In view of international law, a nation is an individual, and has the right of self-defence by all means recognized by that law; one of those means being the destruction of any dynasty or institution that imperils national life. Slavery has struck at the life of the nation, and declared its own existence incompatible with that of the nation. Hence the nation, acting through its official organs, has the right to abolish slavery throughout its dominions; and past events demonstrate alike the necessity and duty of exercising this right without delay and without compromise.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, therefore, deeply impressed with the importance of a general coöperation of the friends of impartial liberty at this time, in order to influence and secure the action of Congress in the manner described, hereby announce, that they have resolved to put forthwith into the lecturing field as many agents as the funds of the Society will warrant, whose sole work shall be to enlighten the public mind on this subject, stimulate to a wide-spread movement in favor of universal emancipation, and thus make the recurrence of another SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION an impossible event.

To sustain and increase the number of these agents, the Committee solicit the generous contribution and donations of all who desire to see the speedy suppression of the war, and in the fullest sense "LIBERTY AND UNION" made "ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

In furtherance of this patriotic and Christian object, the "Woman's Loyal National League" at New York has taken the field, in advance, to procure to a petition to the next Congress, for the total abolition of slavery, A MILLION OF SIGNATURES on the part of the loyal women of the republic. It deserves all possible encouragement and success, and we shall extend to it the heartiest coöperation. But let the loyal MEN be equally zealous and resolved to be as potentially heard in the same manner, by the same body. Let such a petition be sent to Congress from every city, town, village and hamlet in all the loyal States. No time is to be lost. "*One last, best effort now!*"

The Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society is WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH, Esq., 8 Railroad Exchange, Boston, Mass. Donations may also be sent to OLIVER JOHNSON, Esq., Anti-Slavery Office, 48 Beekman street, New York, and to J. MILLER MCKIM, Anti-Slavery Office, 106 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ Editors of newspapers friendly to the object here announced, are respectfully requested to insert this announcement in their columns.

## Chronicles of the War.

### Latest News in Brief.

The long-expected advance of the Army of the Potomac to offer battle to Gen. Lee, after delays respecting its supplies, was finally made on Saturday, and with gratifying success. The commands of Maj.-Gens. Sedgwick and French, at 2 o'clock on that day, had pressed forward to the banks of the Rappahannock, the first to the railroad crossing, and the other to Kelly's Ford, driving the enemy before them, carrying the redoubts on this side of the river, capturing nearly 2,000 prisoners and a battery of seven guns. The enemy attempted to throw an entire division across the river at Kelly's Ford, but the movement was checked by Gen. French, who by a well-directed artillery fire shattered the rebel ranks and caused them to retreat in utter confusion. Our men fought splendidly, making most impetuous and gallant charges, and our total loss will not exceed 400 in killed and wounded. Gen. MEADE has assembly grounds forward his columns, and the bulk of the army is again across the Rappahannock, in the vicinity of Culpepper Court-house. The rebel army, excepting its rear guard, have again ensconced themselves within their strong fortifications on the south bank of the Rapidan, or are making swift time toward Richmond. The Army of the Potomac, therefore, must bear with what grace it may the disappointment of its desire to bring about a decisive engagement. Reports reach Washington, direct from Richmond, that Lee has left the care of the army with which he has been so long identified, to Ewell and Hill, and gone to Chattanooga, with the hope of relieving rebel military affairs there from the distressing state in which Bragg has placed them, by superseding that general in command. It is also said that the rebel leaders have determined upon abandoning Virginia if Meade makes an earnest effort to advance to Richmond.

A rebel dispatch from Atlanta, dated Nov. 4th, says that during the preceding 48 hours, the Yankees had gained important advantages, which, unless at once counteracted, would put beyond question Gen. Grant's ability to subsist his entire army at Chattanooga. Our forces maintain possession of Raccoon Valley, having been heavily reinforced, and our cavalry were making most annoying and disastrous raids in Madison and Huntsville Counties. On Saturday the rebels threw some shells from the summit of Lookout Mountain, but failed to do any damage. A report from Chattanooga dated the 10th, announces on the strength of a refugee's statement, that a considerable portion of Bragg's army and supplies are being sent South, and that the position before Chattanooga will be abandoned. Longstreet is said to be organizing a large raid on our line of communication at Bridgeport.

We have advices from Charleston Bar to the 4th inst. The bombardment was in progress by both the land and naval forces, and was marked with great vigor and effectiveness. Before our destructive fire the walls of the fort were disappearing fast, and it was scarcely probable that the twenty-five men who are said to form the day garrison of the ruin, would find the slightest shelter after a few more days hammering. The enemy's colors had been shot away seven times within eight days, and on one occasion, at least, the flag could not have been replaced without loss of life. The rebels fail to reply to our fire, and have probably become convinced that the annihilation of Fort Sumter is simply a question of time, and the further expenditure of ammunition on their part would be simply an inexcusable waste. When Sumter is out of the way, a strong effort will no doubt be made by the iron-clads to enter the harbor, and of course desperate resistance is to be expected from the defences on James and Sullivan's Islands.

The expedition which had been for many weeks in course of preparation under Maj.-Gen. Dana's direction, left the Southwest Pass on the 27th ult. The expedition, composed of a considerable body of troops and 17 steam transports, convoyed by three gunboats, was commanded by Gen. Banks in person. Its destination was not made public, and let us hope that the first knowledge we have will come under the announcement that it has successfully done its work.

Gen. Thomas officially announces the capture of Bragg's forage train, with its escort, and the arrival of the captures at Chattanooga. The train was seized in the Lookout Valley, in front of Bragg's position.

Memphis papers contain meagre information of another engagement at Pine Bluff, Ark., between 3,000 rebels under Marmaduke and the cavalry garrison of the town, under Col. Clayton. The enemy is reported to have been repulsed with heavy loss. Twelve of our troopers were killed.

Mr. Seward has authorized the announcement that the six rams building at Nantes and Bordeaux, France, for the rebels, will not be permitted to leave port. The French government takes this course in response to a remonstrance of Minister Dayton.

The rebels on the 3d instant renewed their attack upon the Collierville, Memphis and Charleston railroad, and were repulsed after a brief fight. Among the prisoners taken were Brig.-Gen. Geary (rebel) and his staff.

Gen. Blunt's command, *en route* to Fort Smith, Ark., is said to be seriously threatened by the rebel forces under Shelby and Cooper, numbering 9,000 men. Gen. Blunt has a force of 1,800 cavalry, escorting an immense supply train, and he has made preparations to give the raiders a warm reception.

The Richmond people are said to complain that the currency is so depreciated, that when they go to market they have to take their money in their baskets and to carry home their beef in their pocket-books. Paper has no exchangeable value for meat, pound for pound.

*Washington, Nov. 9.*—A lower depth of misfortune was reached by our imprisoned soldiers in Richmond, last week. A note in pencil from one of these unfortunates reached a Government officer in high position here, to-day, representing that the rebel authorities have stopped the small meat ration heretofore served to our starving men. The excuse is that they have ceased to be able to furnish meat to their own soldiers. We have no doubt that this is true. If cattle in Virginia be not wholly exhausted, the government's terrible system of seizing beef on its way to Richmond butchers, and paying for it in Confederate paper at its own valuation, will wholly drive graziers away from the city. It is understood here that President Lincoln is going to try to provision our poor fellows in the Libby and Castle Thunder prisons. Arrangements, moreover, have been made by which Commissioner Ould promises that all clothing sent to our men shall be delivered. Gen. Meredith will forward clothing sent by private individuals for imprisoned friends, military or civil. But the President's endeavor to feed our starving captives will be full of interest to tens of thousands, and will be anxiously watched.—*Cor. Times.*

### The Army and the Negroes.

*"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom."—Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

THE NEGRO TROOPS IN THE SOUTHWEST.
From Harper's Weekly.

We illustrate in the present number a most interesting scene, namely, the address of Adjt.-Gen. Thomas to the negro troops and the contrabands generally at Goodrich's Landing, Louisiana, on 4th October, 1863. Goodrich's Landing, sixty-five miles north of Vicksburg, on the west bank of the river, is the headquarters of Gen. J. P. Hawkins, commanding the district of Northeast Louisiana and the colored troops there stationed, and of Mr. W. R. Field, President of the Board of Commissioners for the leasing of government plantations. On Sunday, October 4, Adjt.-Gen. Thomas invited the soldiers, officers, planters, and working hands to the Goodrich House, and addressed them on the various duties devolving upon them. The utmost attention was given by the entire audience; and it may safely be said that no so singular and impressive scene has ever been enacted during the war as the Adjutant-General of the United States Army addressing negro soldiers, civilians, and women and children, on the duties and responsibilities of freedom, and that in the most Southern of all the slave States. Our artist has drawn the scene from photographs taken on the spot.

The public will be interested to learn from Secretary Stanton's report, which will be laid before Congress next month, what progress has been made in the equipment and organization of negro troops. It is generally though vaguely understood that not less than 25,000 negroes are already in arms, on the Mississippi, in Louisiana, in South Carolina, and in Virginia. Some weeks since an official connected with the War Department stated that we should have 100,000 negroes in the field by New Year, 1864. Now that no one but the most incurable Copperheads object to the employment of negro soldiers, it is to be hoped that the officers who have the work of recruiting them in hand are prosecuting their task with energy. And it is also to be hoped that the President will lose no time in repairing one injustice of which they are the victims. They are not paid as much as white troops. This is all wrong. If they are expected to work and fight as bravely as their white comrades, they deserve to be paid as well. Thus far they have done excellently well. At Port Hudson, Helena, on Morris Island, and in other battle-fields, they have proved, what no man of sense ever doubted, that under proper leadership they will fight as well as the men of any other race.

If Adjt.-Gen. Thomas achieves his present purpose he will secure a most respectable name in history.

FROM THE 54TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

The New Bedford *Mercury* has a correspondent with the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth at Port Royal, who writes as follows, under date of Oct. 31st.

"The rebels have been very quiet the past week. It is very unaccountable, but they let our working parties work almost the whole day, without molesting them; but all the suspicious work is done under cover of night, so the rebels probably suppose the Yankees are only making themselves comfortable for the Winter; but they may find out pretty soon, that we want better accommodations than this sand patch affords; we want to know by experience whether the Mills House is equal to the Revere, or St. Nicholas, providing—it stands.

"Last Monday the obsequies of Ensign Howard took place. Ensign H. was wounded the night of the attack on the Ironsides; he lingered during the week till Sunday last, on which day he died. He was followed to the grave by one company of marines, a squad of about 60 sailors and a large number of officers from the fleet, headed by the Post band.

"The health of the troops is improving since the cool weather set in permanently. I have not noticed an ambulance pass by our street but twice during the past week, but I take the large number of men returning to duty as a test, rather than any diminution in the calls on ambulances.

Col. E. N. Hallowell returned to his command to-day. He is looking quite hale and hearty after his severe sickness, caused by wounds received before Fort Wagner on the 18th of July.

"Died, Oct. 15th, of consumption, Nathaniel Jackson, of Hudson, N. Y., Co. A, 54th Massachusetts Vols."

RAPIDITY OF NEGRO ENLISTMENTS IN MARYLAND.

The recruiting of colored soldiers in Maryland is so rapid that the Examining Board here cannot examine and pass officers fast enough to take charge of the men. Though the Board has divided itself into two Committees, sitting in different rooms and providing thus for the examination of two candidates at once, only fifteen could be got through with to-day. Of these but nine passed. The regiment in Worcester will be astonished to learn that the enlistment of negroes in Maryland alone is at the rate of two regiments a week. When full, these regiments will number in officers and men 1,010 each.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

WE SHOULD NOT SUFFER FROM A COUGH, which a few doses of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL will cure. Time, comfort, health, are all saved by it.

## Summary.

MARKS OF THE LASH.—An advertisement in a recent number of the Richmond *Dispatch*, describing a fugitive slave, says: "*Jim has no particular marks on him, except some scars on his back caused by the lash!*" That's all.

SCARCITY OF LABOR IN LOUISIANA.—The New Orleans *Bee* says that there is great scarcity of labor on the sugar plantations, and it is estimated that in Plaquemines parish the loss of the planters, owing to this want of labor, will not be less than ten or fifteen thousand hogsheads.

POOR PROSPECTS OF THE COTTON CROP.—One of the most intelligent members of the last House, who has just returned from a tour of observation in Mississippi, represents to the Administration that not 50,000 bales of cotton will be raised in the entire South this year, and that next year not a single bale will be raised, unless the government immediately sets to work to save the labor of the slaves, who are threatened with destruction by starvation and exposure. Not less than eighteen hundred thousand field negroes are penned in Georgia and Alabama—driven in from the outer slave States. The loss of this enormous productive machinery is actually a threatened calamity of this Winter's campaign.—*Wash. Cor. N. Y. Times.*

A PROPHECY IN JEST.—The following extract from a burlesque article in *The New Monthly Magazine* for 1821 (vol. II.), entitled "Specimen of a Prospective Newspaper, A.D. 2096," is curious: "The army of the Northern States (of America) will take the field against that of the Southern provinces early next Spring. The principal Northern force will consist of 1,490,000 picked troops. Gen. Congreve's new mechanical cannon was tried last week at the siege of Georgia. It discharged in one hour 1,120 balls, each weighing 500 weight. The distance of the objects fired at was eleven miles, and so perfect was the engine that the whole of these balls were lodged in the space of 20 feet square." A subsequent article in this specimen states that "by means of a new invention Dr. Clark crossed the Atlantic in seven days." How little did the writer anticipate that in forty years these, to him wild fancies, would be almost realized!

A STORY.—In diplomatic society here, the pleasant story is told that Admiral Lisovsky, in command of a Russian frigate on a passage from China home, ran into Rio Janeiro to make repairs. The Brazilian government tendered the Admiral all needed facilities, even to gangs of common laborers. These went upon the frigate's deck in chains. They were African slaves. So soon as the Russian sailors comprehended the novel fact, they tumultuously struck the fetters off the black men and liberated them. The Brazilian government complained to the Legation of Russia. They called upon Admiral Lisovsky for an explanation. The brave sailor made answer that "it would be utterly impossible for him to restrain his crew from breaking the chains of slaves whensoever and wheresoever they came upon his decks."—*Wash. Cor. N. Y. Times.*

WESTERN ORATORY.—Gov. Yates of Illinois made a speech before the Union Leage of Washington lately. *The Chronicle* contains a report of the address, from which we take the following:

"I can see why old Abe would not move fast enough for me now.

'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.'

"If we had triumphed at Bull Run and at Fredericksburg, then we would have had this country restored with slavery. But that was not in the counsels of Almighty God. When I urged these measures upon Mr. Lincoln, to take rebel property, to call 250,000 men to garrison our posts, to raise a million of fighting men, to abolish slavery, and to perform other radical measures, he telegraphed to me, 'Dick, hold fast and see the salvation of God'" (immense applause).

Rev. Augustus Campbell, rector at Liverpool, England, was invited to attend Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's lecture, and to give notice of it in his pulpit. He sent back this indignant note: "In reply to your letter requesting me to inform my congregation that Mr. H. W. Beecher 'will deliver a lecture in the Philharmonic Hall on the American war and emancipation,' I beg to inform you that I decline to invite my congregation to attend a lecture on that species of 'emancipation' which Lord Brougham, in my opinion, justly calls 'a hollow pretext, designed to produce a slave insurrection.' I return you the platform ticket you have sent me, not intending to attend the lecture, being of opinion that persons professing to be ministers of a merciful God, 'the author of peace and lover of concord,' might be better employed than in advocating a fratricidal war accompanied by atrocities which, as Lord Brougham says again, 'Christian times have seen nothing to equal, and at which the whole world stands aghast almost to incredulity.'"

HOW SECESSIONISTS FATTEN AT THE CAPITAL.—The rebels in this vicinity are congratulating themselves with the story that Burnside has been "cut to pieces" in East-rn Tennessee. The fight near Philadelphia is what they refer to, and they have a Southern version of the affair which looks quite encouraging for rebeldom. It is wonderful to see how these enemies of the government live along upon its bounty, and yet gloat over every disaster to our cause. I know of dozens of secessionists in Washington who

# Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD.

## AUTUMN DAYS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEDICATED TO MISS CLARA BARTON, THE HEROINE OF THE POTOMAC.

*The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year.—Bryant.*

The cool autumnal days have come, the brightest of the year;
They bring no gloom to Southern lands, no frost to blight and sear.
The fierce, hot suns of Summer days, with all their train of ills,
Are past, and still the mocking-bird its wildest carol trills.
The live-oak wears its brightest green within its veil of gray;
The wren and sparrow flit and sing as merry as 'twere May;
The acorn's fall, like pattering rain, through all the hours, keeps time
To twittering loves, and lulls the ear like some old mystic rhyme.
Down in the vale the laborer sings, "O, Lord! remember me,"*
While gathering in the precious crop, like white foams of the sea;
Upon its snowy heaps are found no blood-stains, black and grim;
The dark hand labors cheerily—God has remembered him.
The roses of the May put forth their beauty as 'twere Spring;
The hollies, from their garnered stores, fresh scarlet drapery bring;
The golden Mayflower o'er the sands spreads out its mantle bright,
And feathery grasses nod their joy where curlews wing their flight.
The orioles fly the frosty North, and in the Yupon rest;
Unmindful of October winds, they fearless build their nest
While from the broad magnolia's stem the blue-jay plucks the seed,
And cries discordant thanks to Him who answers thus his need.
The timid rabbit from the hedge springs out, without a dread;
The sportsman hears no rustling leaves, to tell him of its tread;
The soft winds sigh among the pines, and whisper in the dells,
And woo to life with gentlest touch the heather's purple bells.
Upon the leaves the pure dew falls, the grass springs 'neath the feet,
And from October's kissing suns the orange gathers sweet;
The wild bignonia blooms afresh, while free hands break the corn,
And song and laughter close the day, where Ceres fills her horn.
The waves come dancing to the shore, like maidens in their glee,
And play upon the whitened sand their sweetest minstrelsy.
Oh, sunny South! where Winter days are bright as Northern June,
Where Nature touches golden harps, through all the year in tune!
'Tis sad to think that war should spread its pall o'er all thy lands,
And the sweet flowers thy Winter brings be plucked by bloody hands;
That birds should hush their cheery notes, scared by the cannon's roar,
Death-freighted, carrying sounds of woe to every island shore.
Oh, sunny South, so long accursed with slavery's cruel ruth,
Is this the winter of thy years? Will war renew thy youth?
And when its withering days are past, and treason's work is done,
And every slave a freeman stands to shout a victory won;
Oh, sunny South! will not these days be by thy poets sung,
And thousand harps to sing thy praise in numbers sweet be strung?
And thou shalt teach us of that land, through all life's care-worn hours,
Where we shall meet the loved and lost among perpetual flowers;
Where wrong no more shall wring the cry of agony and fear
From hearts oppressed, but truth and love make Spring through all the year.

FRANCES D. GAGE.

*A favorite song of the negroes.

## WENDELL PHILLIPS'S SPEECHES.*

From The London Morning Star.

Here are the words of a man with whom speech is action. It might have been otherwise with him. If Wendell Phillips had followed the profession for which he was educated his speeches would have resulted in nothing but verdicts for his clients and advancement for himself. If he had followed the example of the best men of his native New England States, he would have risen no higher than the Capitol—one of the leaders of party, rewarded for party labors with office at home or embassy abroad. In such capacity he would have been honored as a classic in political literature, and as a patriot as pure as party conditions would permit. But while yet a young man he was laid hold of by convictions that would not let him go. Like other Boston gentlemen he was in the streets of that city when a well-dressed mob broke up an anti-slavery meeting. That was in October, 1835. It occurred to him that there must be something wrong when orderly men and honorable women could not be allowed to meet in quiet. Two years later he was inside Faneuil Hall, at the meeting called by the influence of Dr. Channing, to consider the murder of Lovejoy at Alton—the murder of a New England citizen in an Illinois town, by a Missouri mob, while defending his press from their lawless attack. The Attorney-General of Massachusetts, in that meeting, stigmatized Lovejoy as a presumptuous fool, and compared his murderers to "the orderly mob" who emptied into Boston Harbor the tea chest which had paid king George's tax. Mr. Phillips was moved by indignation to an impromptu reply—the first of the speeches in this volume. The publisher has wisely retained the records of the applause and displeasure which the orator excited. One short passage, so interpolated, will show the conflict of opinions in the meeting, and the persuasive power of the speaker:

Presumptuous to assert the freedom of the press on American ground! Is the assertion of such freedom before the age? So much before the age as to leave one no right to make it because it displeases the community? Who invents this libel on his country? It is this very thing which entitles Lovejoy to greater praise. The disputed Right which provoked the Revolution—taxation without representation—is far beneath that for which he died. [Here was a strong and general expression of disapprobation.] One word, gentlemen. As much as thought is better than money, so much is the cause in which Lovejoy died nobler than a mere question of taxes. James Otis thundered in this hall when the King did but touch his pocket. Imagine, if you can, his indignant eloquence, had England offered to put a gag upon his lips (great applause).

Such a man was sure to be heard again. Garrison might be unread, but his eloquent convert would never lack an audience. It is the peculiar power of the tongue that it wins the ear even of those whose heart it offends. A courageous and skillful orator can never be put down. He has no need to thunder, "I *will* be heard." Men are glad to hear him though they hate his doctrine. They may seek only amusement, but they are overtaken by conviction. So Wendell Phillips won his way to fame and power. Much detested, often mobbed, he has charmed a whole people into listening, and stirred them to action of which they did not dream. His enemies say he is the author of the war. He declines the ascription as too much honor. But he and Garrison together have certainly done it all. It is impossible to read through these speeches without seeing that the two men have moved a nation. The Sumners and Greeleys have followed in their wake. Even the Beechers were later in the strife, and Theodore Parker was a preacher of many things besides emancipation. Garrison and Phillips have not been silent on other topics. They have even been reproached with hurting the anti-slavery cause by associating their names with other movements. But for the negro they were prepared to sacrifice the Union—the extremest devotion which an American can practice; and they support the Union now for the sake of the slave. Men who could hold this position for twenty years or more must be wonderfully single-hearted.

It would be more wonderful if they had not made some mistakes in action, and indulged in some extravagance of language. But it is easier to say that they have done this than to point out where. Ten years ago Wendell Phillips, in one of the ablest speeches in this remarkable collection, made an elaborate reply to the friendly criticisms of an English writer. Censured for impolitic harshness and intractability, the Abolitionist orator made a triumphant defence. He recited the lists of converts made—he pointed to changes effected—he showed the absolute necessity and practical wisdom of using the severest words in rebuke not only of an atrocious sin but of gigantic sinners. The greatest of these was Daniel Webster. Honoring and almost loving the man, Phillips punishes with tremendous blows the crime of the statesman. He beat down the New England idol lest others should worship at the tainted shrine. He showed no mercy even to his memory, until it was clear that the people repented of their chieftain's sin. One salutary effect of such faithful iconoclasm is seen in Mr. Seward's career. The New York Senator has been sorely tempted to follow in his fall the Massachusetts statesman. The fear of Wendell Phillips's tongue must have been a great aid to his virtue. With a high and generous estimate of Seward's services and powers, Phillips seems to follow him with the watchful eye of one who fears that he may stumble into apostacy. The strength of the temptation is fairly measured by the censor, and the tempted is continually warned that the devil cheats his victims. Wendell Phillips often thanks God that Webster did not get the Presidential nomination, in the hope of which he bartered away the right of asylum; and in such passages as this a fervid Republican exposes an evil incident to elective monarchy:

You know, I am apt to say, among other impertinent things, that you can always get the truth from an American statesman after he has turned seventy, or given up all hope of the Presidency (applause). I should like a law that one-third of our able men should be ineligible to that office; then every third man would tell us the truth. The last ten years of John Quincy Adams were the frankest of his life. In them he poured out before the people the treason and indignation which formerly he had only written in his diary. And Josiah Quincy, the venerable, God bless him! has told us more truth since he was eighty, than he ever did before (applause). They tell us that until this year they have not been able to survey Mount Washington; its iron centre warped the compass. Just so with our statesmen: before they reach seventy their survey of the State is ever false. That great central magnet at Washington deranges all their instruments.

It is a remarkable testimony to the character of Mr. Lincoln that he receives few admonitions. Even Wendell Phillips believes him to be thoroughly honest, though not thoroughly enlightened, and fears only that he may fall under the influence of self-seeking politicians. "I have always believed in the sincerity of Abraham Lincoln," he says; "I only doubted sometimes whether he was really the head of the government. To-day he is at any rate Commander-in-Chief." By that fact the former advocate of disunion justifies the war. In January and February, 1861, he pleaded earnestly for peaceful separation. But that was as the alternative to compromise, and in the belief that the slaves would emancipate themselves by insurrection. In April, when secession had become rebellion, he hung the stars and stripes over his rostrum, and broke into an exulting, passionate, but withal most cogent, plea for a war of liberation and reunion. We should like to see that discourse—"Under the Flag"—in universal circulation. It ought to be read wherever there is a doubt that the North did right in answering cannon shot by cannon shot. Only on the principle of absolute non-resistance can it be answered. And the believer in that principle can scarcely avoid the admission that the balance of suffering is not necessarily with the sword weighed against the shackles of the slave. We regret we have not space for the magnificent utterance of condensed fact and feeling in which, after an interval of ten years, the Abolitionist orator repeats his conviction that American slavery can be abolished only by civil war. As gladly would we quote his convincing array of evidence that the North exhausted the resources of honorable negotiation, even on the basis of separation, before firing a shot. But no extract can do justice to the argument. Let the whole be read and pondered by any Englishman who besitates to believe that the cause of the Union is the cause of justice and freedom.

We have treated of these speeches as a part of the history of the greatest of modern revolutions. But their rhetorical merit must not be slighted. They probably fail to convey, as all reports must, an adequate idea of their effect on an audience. They nevertheless contradict the notion that speeches which read well must sound badly. Evidently, they are printed almost as spoken. Like all popular harangues, they are redundant if judged by the tastes and needs of the reader. It is certain, however, that they never wearied their hearers. They are extremely pungent. They abound in strokes of humor. A capital collection of anecdotes and jests might be compiled from them. The speaker's terrible earnestness finds relief in wit as pleasant as his invective is fierce. Except that he never flatters, he resembles O'Connell rather than any living English orator. He never seems to speak for the sake of speaking, and shuns the verbiage of ornamental oratory as by instinct. Every sentence is made to tell upon the understanding or conscience of the hearer. It is the eloquence that makes a revolution in the thought and feeling of a people—and that does not fail them when arms are needed to complete the triumph of ideas.

*Wendell Phillips's Speeches, Lectures, and Letters, by Wendell Phillips." Boston: J. Redpath.—London: Trubner.

## "PUNCH" AND THE AMERICAN WAR.

From The London Dial.

On Monday evening a lecture was delivered at the Whittington Club, by Mr. Washington Wilks, on the causes of the American War, and the manner in which the incidents connected with it had been dealt upon by *Punch*. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Emancipation Society.

Dr. Frederick Tomkins took the chair, and briefly addressed the meeting, which was unusually large. He then introduced

Mr. Washington Wilks, who, after a few preliminary observations, defined, in the words of *Punch*, the difference between wit and humor. Humor was the art of saying happy things that had the effect of making others happy, whilst wit—and especially that grade of it that took the form of satire—was the art of saying smart things that were the cause of smarting in others. He then went on to refer to the many humorous things that had been done by *Punch* since the American war commenced, the first of which was the divorce *a vinculo*—a cartoon, in which Mrs. Carolina asserted her right to larrup her own nigger, and Abraham Lincoln upheld and protected him from her. In the same number *Punch* described the Confederates as confederates in the crime of upholding slavery, and urged that the more doggedly the slavemongers combined, the more firmly good republicans should unite. In April, 1861, *Punch* advised the South not to hoist their flag until they were entitled to do so; but the South not taking his advice, he wrote an anthem for them. It was always necessary that a nation should have a national anthem; and *Punch* wrote the following one for them on April 20, 1861. It was a parody on one of our most popular songs. It ran thus:

"When first the South to fury fanned,
Arose and broke the Union chain,
This was the charter of the land,
And Mr. Davis sang the strain,
Rule Slaveonia, Slaveonia rules and raves,
Christians ever, ever, ever have had slaves.

. . . . . .

"And Trade that knows no God but gold
Still to thy pirate port repair,
Blest land where human flesh is sold,
And manly arms may flog that air:
Rule Slaveonia, Slaveonia rules and raves,
Christians ever, ever, ever have been slaves."

That was the language of *Punch* on the 20th of April, and on the 4th of May, when the news came of the fight at Fort Sumter, when the first rebel shot was fired at the flag of the United States, he wrote, after describing the fight, "And so ends the first, and we trust the last, engagement of the American civil war." The difficulties, however, increased in America, and on the 11th of May, *Punch* produced a cartoon of Abraham Lincoln sitting before the fire and a cloud of smoke coming out. Lincoln was there represented as saying, "What a nice White House this would be if it were not for the blacks!" The White House was the Executive Mansion, and had been tenanted by a succession of Presidents, and the blacks did not touch them; but as soon as the new tenant came in, those 4,000,000 of blacks rose up and made the house uninhabitable [laughter]. In this month *Punch* appeared to be sore in spirit, for he wrote, "This is no matter for jest. I cannot write about it in ink, for such deeds should be written in drops of blood and tears, for in this land of prosperity there must be slavery secured or a long succession of war." On the 18th of May there was the pencil of the artist again brought to bear in the cartoon of "Cæsar Imperator." There the nigger was represented as the Emperor, and the North and South the gladiators. On the 25th of May *Punch* changed his note, and he could not see which side was to blame. Before that the South was all wrong, but at that date he could not tell who was right. He then wrote the following verse:

"O Jonathan and Jefferson,
Come listen to my song,
I can't decide, my word upon,
Which of you is most wrong.
I do believe I am afraid
To say which worse behave,
The North imposing bonds on trade,
Or South that men enslave."

It was asserted that the North had fettered trade, and *Punch* could not see who was wrong—Abraham who put fetters on trade, or Jefferson who put them on man. With that assertion there was no hesitation as to which was the worst [hear]. The trade of the North might be checked from matters of economy, but that would not apply to slavery [cheers]. But they must consider that for the last eighty years the laws of the United States had been framed by Southern men [hear, hear]. [A Voice—The Morrill tariff.] It was not the Morrill tariff that caused the secession, because it was not passed until after the secession had taken place. Many of the Northern men were as much against it as the Southern, but when the South seceded then it was carried. They could not therefore now say that the cause came after the effect [cheers]. But suppose it was, would any one say that it was worse to impose bonds on trade than fetters on men? [Hear, hear.] Was the man worth only a cask of merchandise? Such arguments would not last a moment [hear, hear]. They might in time have removed the restriction on their trade, but the bond of slavery was intended to be permanent. Would anyone credit that for the sake of a twopenny extra duty upon certain articles two nations would go to war? [No, no]. No it was not; and so Mr. *Punch* thought in the course of the next week. On June the 1st, having read President Jefferson Davis's address, in which he said their cause was "just and holy," he remarked, "Could not the negroes of the Southern States, if they rose against their masters, say as much, with at least equal justice, for their own insurrection?" The less Mr. Davis says about justice and holiness the better, if he does not want to preach a dangerous doctrine, besides being considered a humbug. "Dashed be holiness, and justice be blanked" is the consistent language for Mr. Jefferson Davis. Might is right with respect to thrashing the Northerners, and the "institution of slavery for ever." But on the 17th of August they had the first account of the first great battle that had been fought. It was fought by raw levies that had never fired a rifle with ball in it before, and they were led up to the margin of a wood with cannon bearing down upon them, and no wonder that they gave way. The way *Punch* met that was by making a cartoon, in which they were described in their flight as being on their way to take Canada. And still later he said that the accounts of that battle ought to be written on flying sheets. He [Mr. W. Wilks] would ask the meeting whether that was the way to encourage a friendly feeling towards us on the part of the Americans [hear, hear]. The lecturer was proceeding when he was interrupted by a remark from the body of the hall about repudiation. He, in reply, said the Americans never repudiated. One of the States did repudiate, but that was not the one Abraham Lincoln represented, but the one Jefferson Davis was returned for [loud cheers]. If any parish in England could not pay its debts that would not impugn the credit of the National government [hear, hear]. Coming back to his subject, he said the falsehood, that the Morrill tariff had been the ground of the war would go around the world, and like a Frankenstein return to strangle the man who gave it birth. It did not surprise him that those falsehoods were uttered in the House of Commons, because that was the last place he should look for truth [laughter]. When it had its Lindsays and its Roebucks, it was to be expected, for the former was not equalled for ignorance, nor the latter for impudence [laughter]. The lecturer then pointed out many more things in *Punch* which were calculated to irritate the American people, because he assumed to be, not merely a punster, but a philosopher and moralist. In consequence of further interruptions the lecturer referred to the case of the Trent, and contended that the government of the United States had acted most conciliatory in giving up Slidell and Mason. He pointed to many acts of friendship that government had shown England, and contrasted the conduct of the English government towards them.

The lecture was repeatedly and deservedly applauded, and the interruptions added interest to it from the able manner in which the lecturer dealt with and replied to them.

## DRESS AND THE AGE.

The tendency of modern dress is to give greater youthfulness to the appearance. This is especially the case in regard to men's dress. The introduction of the turn-down collar, and its adoption by persons of all ages, took off ten years from the aspect of Englishmen and Americans. The external symbols formerly considered appropriate to the advancing stages of life having been abolished, it is difficult now to judge correctly of a person's age. In our own recollection the man of seventy looked his years; at this day he might pass as sixty, or even fifty-five, for anything we can determine. The gradations of time on the stage were still more marked. A father of the last-mentioned age used to be represented as an old gentleman—wore a wig, or long white hair,

And his breeches, and all that,
Were so queer.

Increased ease in manners has kept even steps with that of dress, and has doubtless been affected by it. When nightcaps and trouser-straps were thrown to the winds, men found, with additional bodily freedom, a corresponding mental emancipation. Unquestionably, there is a danger of the reaction being too great; an imminent danger of plunging from rigidity into a rude negligence.

In ladies' dress, the greatest coup in modern times has been the restoration of the close-fitting sleeve. It was a return to the true principles of taste. With many variations, and an occasional attempt of dressmakers to discard it, the natural sleeve keeps its place, and has done so now for years. The stomacher was a fanciful reproduction of the Elizabethan age. So far it was looked upon with favor for a considerable period; but it was a mistake. It was a protracting of the waist far below its real position, and, as you know, Smithfield brought the point down almost to the knees. The introduction of the hat instead of the bonnet was a great modern gain.

The cardinal canon in costume is, that dress should conform itself to the human figure. It is not intended by this that persons of both sexes are to go about in elastic tight coverings, or that no liberty or variation within limits is permissible. But wherever dress greatly deviates from the form—goes upon lines not in harmony with those of the person—there is error, there is bad taste. Dress is to run its epicycle over the curves and contour of the body. The hooped petticoat or steel skirt, foolishly called crinoline, conceals the form, and, when excessive, reduces a lady to a pyramid. It is not likely, however, that this controverted instrument will be talked down, because it has its aspect of health and convenience.

The application and power of color are known to all intelligent dressers. Redundancy of figure is to be killed or kept down by black and dark tints, whilst, to deficiency in fulness, white and light-hued materials give the greatest breadth and outline. Many years ago, waist-bands were much worn by ladies. They were frequently made of two colors, longitudinally divided; and those for whom they were intended were quite aware that, by wearing the dark portion of the ribbon downwards, it increased the conic diminution of the waist, whilst the light portion above gave force to the spring of the bust.

The effects of color on complexion are only learnt from experience. Portrait artists know how many are the colors that mingle in one face, and slightly varying proportions and small omissions produce differences in the skin, so that colors which suit one person are not becoming to another, although the complexions of the two are supposed to be the same. A candid friend, or the more candid looking-glass, must be the ultimate appeal. The most flattering position for the glass is when placed between two windows, the equal cross-light reducing inequalities and roughnesses to a minimum. The most unbecoming reflection is from a glass in front of a window, the only one in a room. It is remarkable, and perhaps unexplained, that any irregularity of the features, anything out of drawing in the face, is increased when seen in a glass. There is a great difference in the color of the glass itself; some glasses are very pure and white; some have a greenish tinge, necessarily producing disheartening reflections.

Returning to form, we must own that the bonnet adopted for the last two or three years—the spoon-bonnet in all its varieties and sub-species—is most reprehensible. If an ellipse is needed the longer axis is required across the brow. By generating two ellipses from the chin, the oval face and the oval bonnet—the latter including the former, and having the same perpendicular axis—the effect is most disagreeable. Contrast with these the Norma wreath, the Mary-Queen-of-Scots head-dress, or even the bonnet in fashion four years ago. Pile Pelion on Ossa; put inside the spoon, above the forehead, a large bouquet of flowers, and make feathers nod over the extreme summit, as we saw in Paris last June; or bring the hair above the head, on cushions surmounted by a crown of stars, as we have seen in a London theatre in July this year—yet taste and simplicity will triumph over what is artificial and unsymmetrical.

Why is it that when the tide of taste turns in our favor—when, after many efforts, we at last apprehend simplicity, and rejoice that a female costume rather enhances than detracts from its wearer's natural beauty—why is it, we ask, that the flood so soon turns, and that next season the charming head-gear and the becoming sleeve have been displaced, and that something different, not so pretty, not so correct, is the only thing to wear? What was round has become elongated; what was small is enlarged; lines which ran transversely are now longitudinal. The word different contains the secret. The law-giver is the artiste in robes and bonnets. There must be activity, there must be business; there must be such variations this season that a last season's dress or hat shall be instantly detected and known, and its wearer held up to well-merited ignominy. Hopeless, therefore, is the struggle after æsthetics in dress when the trade depend on violent changes. Happily the people at large—the masses, if you will—are not equally constrained.—"*Once a Week*," *London.*

"Ah," said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, "I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible?" Said the old man, "I do believe the Bible. Do you believe it?" "No; I can have no proof of its truth." "Then," inquired the old man, "does thee believe in France?" "Yes; for although I have not seen it, I have seen others who have. Besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist." "Then thee will not believe anything thee or others has not seen?" "No." "Did thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Ever see a man who did see them?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?" This last question put an end to the discussion.

## THE GREAT ORGAN.

### ODE,*

RECITED BY MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE GREAT ORGAN IN MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1863.

I.

Listen to the invocation!
Now awaking, praiseful breaking,
It shall bear the heart of a nation,
Rising in vast convocation.
Full of honor, full of song,
Upward to the Source of Praise where harmonies belong.

II.

It rises from our city by the fragrant sea,
Where, young, laborious, brave, and free,
She stands in her prosperity.
Our fathers clutched the wild shore stark and cold,
Saying, This strand shall be our home,
And let no despot hither come;
Strong of purpose, strong of bone,
We will govern it alone.
Yet Mercy's height our fathers could not gain,
Nor perfect justice did their hearts contain;
They sinned their sins; the tale is not untold,
And bitterness of arrogance
And wily hate and ignorance
Heaped their poisoned agony
Upon the young-browed colony;
But still the people grew and strengthened as Time rolled.
The towers rose, the bells were swung,
And rifted stone assumed new grace,
While up and down the children sung,
Bringing their sunshine to the place.
After long years their children's children grew
And wandered into foreign lands,
And other nations knew,
And saw them bound in cold, despotic bands.
At last, in thankfulness, they said,
We will choose from out our own
Those who early loved and reverent laid
Their listening ear to the harmonic shell;
Let them seek in many an antique town,
To find in what recesses dwell
Art's divinest melodies.
Voiceless, shall we as the dead
See the morning spread
Over us her rich surprise?
See the evening's golden tale
Written on each floating sail,
And no people's song arise
Tuneful for our home, our earthly paradise?
We have sinned, and need a psalm for sadness;
We have joyed, and should find voice for gladness;
We will build an organ vast,
It shall sound a noble blast
And wear a stately form;
It shall tell of mountain streams,
Until we hear their quickly-flowing dreams
Binging to music for our waking hours;
It shall rehearse the tale of pine-strewed woods,
Until their pensive moods
Shall haunt the common street with their weird powers.
They who dwell in inland homes
May learn the murmur of the sea
Through its tumultuous tone,
Surging, as when the north wind comes,
After a storm, while yet the fierce waves moan,
And drives the herded clouds across the crystal lea.
Nature in every form that soothes our pain
Shall come to us again,
As when in childhood's hours of rest
We lay upon her breast;
The organ then shall lead the quiring soul
Onward to worlds where unheard anthems roll.

III.

At length the people sought and found
A builder foremost in his art,
Who held his work dear unto his heart,
The child of his old age.
Tender as a monk of old
Slipping down the scale of years,
Who paints his last stroke on the enameled page,
So wrought he on this organ for the Free.
At last the long laborious hours were told,
Ended their ecstacies and fears,
Struck by the master's hand, there leaped a sound
From these fresh wells of secret melody.
Bring the wood of choicest grain,
Died with hues of richest stain,
Cried the builder old;
And choose a worthy architect,
Whose eye can skillfully select
The subtlest curve in leaf and branch and wave.
Let his obedient hand engrave
Whatever form his busy thought shall name,
Worthy to bind these silver spires within their sculptured frame,
Art-brothers then in answering concord came,
With fancy glowing in the flame,
And flashing upward to their high intent.
The soul of one an instrument
Where Beauty's hand her influence lent,
Until hard lines by him were blent,
And fluted columns lightly sent
To greet the upper air,
Crowned with the forest's leafy hair.
Lost in the convolutions of his work,
We seem to hear the stir of Summer wind,
Or rustling birds who lurk
In hidden nests we seek, but never find.
Another, of athletic mind,
Brought two strong sons of Atlas, doomed to stand
Forever holding up with strained hand
The world of varied pipes and carvings rare;
Caryatids, gloomy-browed,
By his power were allowed
Again to leave the silent halls of Greece
And listen in their toil to Music's voice of peace.
And many were the figures from his soul
Which fled to form and answer his control;
Chief of them all, the master soul of song
Follows with jealous love the keys along.
Last, highest, as if just allit,
See divine Cecelia sit;
She has found our far dominions,
On her wide melodious pinions;
From her rapt lyre it seems she drops
Sweet wandering notes to guide the swelling stops,
While circle into circle breaking,
Wider circles still awaking,
Every sphere can swinging hear
The ripples of our atmosphere;
The growing circles of our prayer,
Circling beyond all time, all place,
And breaking with its finite grace
Upon dim shores of God's illimitable space.

IV.

While thus with strenuous eagerness they wrought,
Thither the black-winged echoes sailing brought
A heavy noise that quelled each rising thought.
A wailing as of "War,"
Now near, and now afar,
Darkened the star-sown firmament of Peace,
Wherever men should look to find release.
Black was the sky, and blacker still it grew,
While Faith alone the unread future knew.
Still the work was bravely sped,
Though in faint souls Hope was dead,
Or distant as a murmur from the midnight Summer sea.
Onward surely went the labor,
While the sharpened clash of sabre
Echoed in the workmen's ear,
Listening yet for Victory.

A voice for weeping
And a bell for tolling,
Wakeful dreams in place of sleeping—
Shall we tell no other story
Of our country's hard-won glory?
The organ shall its noble triumphs spread.
Hasten, builders young and builders hoary,
Let its first notes tell the eloquent story
Of fresh desires like Autumn lustre shed.
The willing tribute of our faith and glory.

VI.

Now the offering stands completed,
Be its joyful advent greeted!
Lift ye up each mourning head!
It shall sound the heroic dead!
And if the notes must tell of beauty fled
From this earth-bound portal
To the gate immortal,
Thence on radiant wing their resonant might shall bring
Fairer Beauty born of Duty,
Beauty fled but never dead,
The mortal and immortal wed.
O sweet joys vanished!
O life-hopes hung on broken thread!
Hearken to-day,
And hear a people say,
"Not for their homes alone
A martyr's light hath shone—
Broad as the land its rays are known;
Too generous to wait till set of sun,
They saw the bitter strife begun,
Rejoiced to know their innocent course was run,
Since with their death the enslaved tasks were done.
Ye, and such as ye, we hold our pledge of victory!
Ere yet our tears are dry,
We hear the wide resounding cry,
The coming roll of Victory,
And Freedom walks beside her stately car."
Let the musician come,
Fresh from that star where Genius has its home,
Whose sympathetic soul
Sways like the wind-swept grain,
To human joy or pain,
And yet no passions trample to their base control.
His hand shall vibrate the responsive strings,
Rising on supernal wings
Of Music's wondrous mystery;
Now, at his touch, unveiled are hidden things;
Now falls oppression, now decay false kings;
Through all the tones the voice of Freedom rings
One choral chant, one song of praise, A Nation's Victory.

*Anonymous, but generally supposed to have been written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Dean Trench on the Slaveholding Confederacy.—Never has the mother earth drunk deeper of the blood of her children violently slain than during the last decade of the world's history. We flattered ourselves but yesterday that slavery was everywhere in Christendom counted as a thing hateful to God and man, only to be provisionally tolerated, if in process or preparation for removal; and behold a people now starting into existence (whose gallantry in defending themselves none can help admiring) glory in their shame, take this hideous thing to their bosom, proclaim it, not as a tolerated evil, to be abated as soon as may be, but as the corner-stone of a new society, which they will rear for the wonder and admiration—say rather for the abhorrence—of the world!—*From the "Subjection of the Creature to Vanity" Sermons at Cambridge*, 1863.

## REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AT ISLINGTON.

This distinguished American clergyman took part in a thanksgiving service held in Arundell square Congregational Chapel, Islington, on Wednesday evening last. Fatigued by the incessant occupation of his time, and the severe labor of his recent public addresses, Mr. Beecher was unwilling that any announcement of his visit should be made, desiring rather to take a quiet and friendly part in the service of the evening. The Rev. Theophilus Lessey, the pastor of the church, conducted the appointed service, and then introduced the rev. gentleman to the audience. On ascending the pulpit he stated that his chief reason for being present on that occasion was the friendship and esteem he entertained for their pastor, whom he had known in America, and in whose labors and welfare he took a deep interest. He also longed, amidst the excitement of public meetings, for a little quiet communion with Christian people. As he joined in their supplications, and in their songs of thanksgiving to God, his heart was amongst his own dear people at home. He thought of the happy seasons of Christian fellowship so often enjoyed with them. Yet still he could truly and heartily join in the thanksgiving of the English people for the abundant harvest with which God had blessed them. The land of their fathers was the land of his fathers. The prosperity of England and the gifts of the Almighty to her were the subject of rejoicing in thousands of Christian hearts in his own land. In terms of great beauty and tenderness Mr. Beecher referred to the universal manifestations of God in nature, and although it afforded him intense delight to gaze on the highest works of art bequeathed to the world by the hands of such men as Correggio, Murillo, Titian, and Rubens, he found more deep and exquisite pleasure in tracing the power and love of the Almighty in the wonders of the sky and the beauties of the meadows. He had been much struck in travelling through the country by seeing little armies of wheat ricks standing side by side, ten, twenty, or even thirty together. Each stack was composed of separate sheaves, and then again of separate stalks. Every stalk had its full ear, and each ear its little crowd of seeds full of fruitfulness and fertility, as it were God's power and goodness rolled up into a little bundle. He referred to the patient and uncomplaining endurance of the men of Lancashire, and grieved that the sad troubles of his country should be the cause of so much sorrow and want amongst them, yet rejoiced in the fact that their sympathies were enlisted for liberty against slavery. It is impossible to convey any idea of the tender and affectionate strain of Mr. Beecher's remarks. His unsparing severity against oppression proves itself to be but the result of his deep sympathy with the oppressed. None who listened to his kind voice and Christian words in Arundel square Chapel can ever after cherish hard thoughts of this uncompromising champion of the slave. Mr. Beecher expressed the great pleasure he felt in listening to the hymns and tunes so familiar in his own church—the collection used by Mr. Lessey's congregation being that in use at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, over which Mr. Beecher presides. The rev. gentleman concluded the service with a prayer in which he pleaded for the slave with great feeling, and commended the minister and his congregation to the care and blessing of God.—*London Morning Star.*

## CONSPIRACY OF SLAVEHOLDERS IN LOUISIANA.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

New Orleans, Oct. 23.

The pro-slavery Copperhead party of this State are known to have been holding meetings secretly for some time past; but where and for what special purpose they very carefully kept from those they knew not to be in sympathy with them. The secret has at last leaked out. On Wednesday evening last a gentleman well-known to your correspondent was invited to attend a meeting in the supper-room of the Masonic Hall, St. Charles street. He went, and there he found, much to his surprise, a party of some 12 or 14 holding a caucus for the purpose of nominating members of Congress, and also members for the State Legislature. Among the parties present I may mention a few names. Col. A. P. Field, the lawyer, was in the chair; J. Q. A. Fellows, attorney, Geo. S. Lacey, attorney, Julian Neville, auctioneer, Dr. Ames, bosom friend of Hugh Kennedy, editor of *The True Delta*, Dr. Riddell, formerly U. S. postmaster here, afterward Confederate postmaster, and some others of less note. Of course, Dr. Cottman and Miles Taylor are earnest supporters of the party. Now for the platform of these men. It is nothing less than an attempt to set the old State machine, with all its villainous laws and edicts, in full operation. The way in which they propose to accomplish this is one of the most daring and audacious pieces of villainy and fraud ever attempted. It is a scheme as deep laid and as damnable as that by which the slave party sought to fasten slavery upon Kansas; and unless the Free State men North are prompt in rendering the necessary assistance to the Free Soil men here, may lead to consequences as fatal as Dr. Cottman threatened, when he, a couple of months ago, said on the streets of New York, "that our streets would flow with blood before the slave party here would give up their rights!"

In a speech by Mr. Fellows at the meeting before alluded to, he asserted that they have been some months perfecting their arrangements to obtain possession of the civil power of the State, and have members on the floor of Congress, and that Mr. Emerson Etheridge, the Clerk of the House, is pledged to lend these men all the assistance in his power; that Mr. Seward and Mr. Bates favor their plan, which is that they are to meet on the 1st Monday of November in this city and in the several parishes of the State, and in conformity with the law of the State proceed to hold an election for four members of Congress, one for each District, under the old law, and one on general ticket; also members for the State Senate and Assembly. They are to appoint their own commissioners and make their own returns, "by virtue," as they say, "of their rights as loyal citizens," and Mr. Etheridge is to receive them upon their own credentials until the House is organized. Mr. Fellows told them that the Democrats of the North were with them in this move, and would support their claims if challenged. They hoped by these means to elect Fernando Wood Speaker of the House. They argue that the great controversy about the Jersey elections more that twenty years ago, known as the "Broad Seal Controversy," clearly establishes the right of the Clerk of the House to admit any delegation to a seat until the House is organized, upon such credentials as he may think proper.

All their nominations for Congress and the State Legislature are made. Col. A. P. Field is named for one, Michael Hahn for another, of the members of Congress.

As might very naturally be expected, these men are unscrupulous. They do not hesitate to say that which is false to induce people to act with them. Among other things they pretend that Gov. Shepley approves their mode of operation, and has promised them they shall be permitted to go on with the election, though he denies most emphatically that he has ever said or assented to anything of the kind, to any one. This we know, because he has been waited on respecting the matter. They even go further, and dare to use the name of the commanding General in the same manner, which, of course, no one for a moment believes.

They say further, that they, a self-elected, self-constituted caucus, have a right to act for the people of the State; that they, the admirers of the slave institution, are "the only really unconditional Union men, *because they are willing to accept the Union with slavery*"; "that they intend to hold an election"; "that it is no business of Gov. Shepley's"; "it is their right."

Should these men really be insane enough to undertake the carrying out of their programme, and encounter no obstacle from the authorities, which I do not believe, you may expect a repetition of the Kansas frauds. What the Free State men will do in the premises I cannot say. The idea of a clique of men meeting in a private room in St. Charles street, setting themselves up as superior to the Governor, going through the farce of an election, appointing their own commissioners, and making their own returns, is too preposterous for belief, were it not vouched for beyond question, to say nothing of the confirmation of the facts, by reason of their calling upon one or two men to consent to be candidates for the Legislature.

From what we learn of the hopes and aspirations of these men, it appears that this dodge to retain possession of the State power is only the entering wedge. Rebels at heart, but satisfied that the Confederacy is an impossibility, they are "good Union men" who desire to have the "Union as it was" after they have done all in their power to destroy it. They are anxious that Louisiana should take the lead, and "there is no doubt but Mississippi and the other States will in due time follow" their scheme of reconstruction of the Union, with slavery in all its pristine glory. They even say that Gen. Grant and other officers under him are pledged to their support. How far this may be I don't know, I merely tell you what they say.

The "loyalty" of many of these active movers in this new device is such that they could not take the oath prescribed by the act of Congress without committing perjury. Some have even held office under the Confederate government, and yet forsooth they set up as "Union men" par excellence.

Brig.-Gen. Hamilton addressed the Union citizens in the Lyceum Hall, on Saturday evening last. His speech was a stirring one, one that went to the root of our present troubles. The bold manner in which he spoke about slavery startled some Union men, and women too for that matter. Dr. Cottman looked in, staid about twenty minutes, but the medicine was too strong for his stomach—he could not stay and hear his beloved institution treated so harshly.

Marie Antoinette's Shoe.—A correspondent of a provincial journal gives the following account of Marie Antoinette's shoe, now preserved in the Museum of Sovereigns at the Louvre. On the 16th October, 1793, when Sanson descended from the scaffold after executing the unfortunate Queen, he saw one of the soldiers on duty endeavoring to arrest two boys who had concealed themselves under the guillotine during the execution. One of them had dipped a handkerchief in the royal blood, and the other held a shoe which had fallen from the platform. The boy with the handkerchief was taken, and was only saved from the guillotine by his tender age. The other boy got off with the shoe, which he and his son kept as a relic till 1860, when the latter carried it in a velvet bag to Count Horace de Viel-Castel, conservator of the Museum of Sovereigns, by whom, of course, it was gladly accepted. The shoe is small, considering that she was a tall woman.—*Galignani.*


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